WATCH OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER. IT WILL BE VALENTINE NUMBER. ALSO, NEXT WEEK TWO GREAT SERIAL STORIES: "THE GOLDEN SPIDER" AND A NEW BOY'S STORY "THE STORM CHILD, OR HUNTING THE KIDNAPERS."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

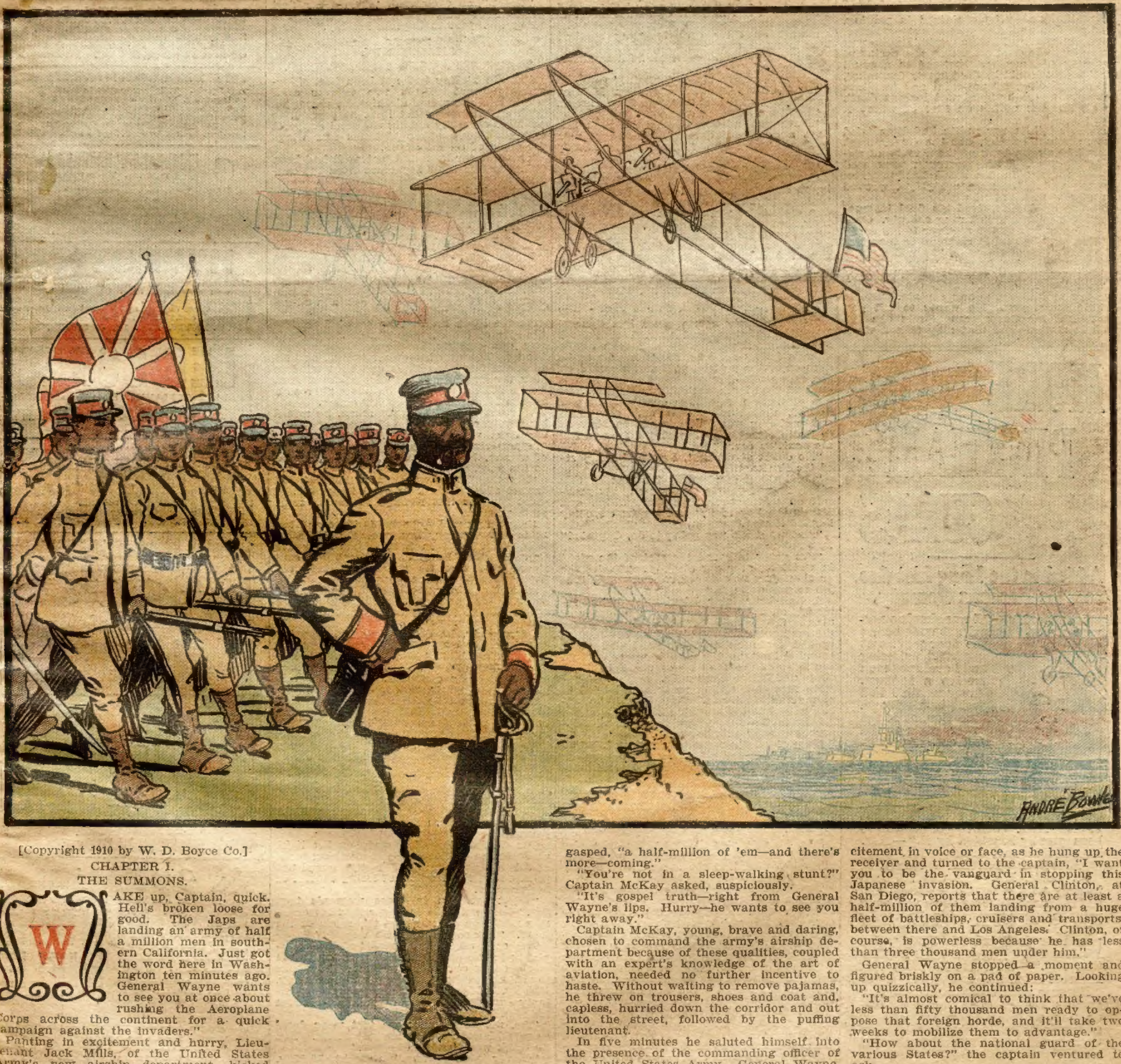
VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 6. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Wm J Bemmers
4720 Chester ave 6Jan10

War of the Airships;

Or, BLOCKING THE JAPANESE INVASION

By Paul Gray



[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE SUMMONS.

"WAKE up, Captain, quick. Hell's broken loose for good. The Japs are landing an army of half a million men in southern California. Just got the word here in Washington ten minutes ago. General Wayne wants to see you at once about rushing the Aeroplane Corps across the continent for a quick campaign against the invaders."

Panting in excitement and hurry, Lieutenant Jack Mills, of the United States Army's new airship department, kicked frantically at the door of Captain Halton McKay's room, and delivered his alarming message.

Captain McKay, a light sleeper, heard only the last few words distinctly, but he was out of bed and throwing open the door in an instant.

"What's that you say?" he exclaimed. "I didn't hear it all."

Pop-eyed, the lieutenant stumbled across the threshold and grabbed his superior by the arm.

"The Japs—are—invading—California," he gasped, "a half-million of 'em—and there's more—coming."

"You're not in a sleep-walking stunt?" Captain McKay asked, suspiciously.

"It's gospel truth—right from General Wayne's lips. Hurry—he wants to see you right away."

Captain McKay, young, brave and daring, chosen to command the army's airship department because of these qualities, coupled with an expert's knowledge of the art of aviation, needed no further incentive to haste. Without waiting to remove pajamas, he threw on trousers, shoes and coat and, capless, hurried down the corridor and out into the street, followed by the puffing lieutenant.

In five minutes he saluted himself into the presence of the commanding officer of the United States Army. General Wayne, black-eyed and white-haired, with his dressing gown thrown about him and his ear glued to a telephone receiver, sat coolly beside a table littered with maps and railroad time-tables. Two of his aides were feverishly examining them.

"McKay," he said, without a trace of excitement in voice or face, as he hung up the receiver and turned to the captain, "I want you to be the vanguard in stopping this Japanese invasion. General Clinton, at San Diego, reports that there are at least a half-million of them landing from a huge fleet of battleships, cruisers and transports, between there and Los Angeles. Clinton, of course, is powerless because he has less than three thousand men under him."

General Wayne stopped a moment and figured briskly on a pad of paper. Looking up quizzically, he continued:

"It's almost comical to think that we've less than fifty thousand men ready to oppose that foreign horde, and it'll take two weeks to mobilize them to advantage."

"How about the national guard of the various States?" the captain ventured to ask.

"Good, as far as they go," was the ready reply. "There's a quarter-million of men anxious to fight, but it would take two months to get them ready. By that time, if they're not stopped, those Japs will be knocking at the doors of some of our greatest cities, maybe even at the capitol here."

A sharp rap at the door interrupted the conversation. One of the aides admitted a blue-garbed messenger boy to deliver a yellow envelope.

General Wayne tore the message open sharply and glanced rapidly across its three brief lines. Then he read them aloud:

"Large army of Japanese reported marching north from Gulf of California toward our border at Yuma, Arizona. Aiming to strike Southern Pacific Railroad probably."

"It's sent by Colonel Crawford at El Paso, Texas," went on the General. "Well, we'll have Mexico with us in this scrap if that's any consolation. Those pesky brown boys haven't hesitated to lay their path across a stretch of Mexican territory, too."

Then he turned briskly to his aides.

"Brill," he began, "what do the railroads say?"

"They will have a special train of two express cars, a coach and a sleeper ready in one hour," was the response.

"And what about the time they can make?"

"The special will have the right of way through to Kansas City. They have already arranged for that. Beyond that point, arrangements for a clear track will be complete long before the special reaches there."

"But what time can they make?" asked the General impatiently.

"The fastest, they say, that was ever made to the Pacific Coast from here."

"Then, McKay," said General Wayne, "it's up to you to get your six airships and your corps of thirty men aboard that special as fast as you can."

"The ships are apart now, ready for shipment," replied the captain of the aeroplane department quickly. "The guns, too, are in shape to put aboard at once. But you must not forget that we'll need an extra car on that train for our gasoline and our ammunition."

"True enough; here, Brill, see to that. The captain will have his hands full. Have the road furnish an extra car on that special and see that a full supply of gasoline, lethite and radite is safely stowed aboard."

Lethite, it may be explained in passing, was the United States new secret explosive, the most powerful in the world. Radite was the new weapon of war, also the exclusive property of America. Inclosed in a small steel tube, it could be fired nearly five miles, when exploding, its powerful and insidious contents would bring almost instant death to all humans within an acre of where it burst.

Neither lethite nor radite had been tried yet in actual conflict, but the Government tests had shown both of them to be of appalling power. Both, moreover, were well suited for use in the small but powerful cannon which the army's highly improved airships were mounted with.

Before McKay received his final instructions, the telephone bell rang sharply. General Wayne swung the receiver to his ear.

"Yes, sir," he said in response to the voice at the far end of the wire, "he will start, I think, within an hour." Then, after a pause: "Very well, Mr. President."

"It's the President," said the General, turning to face the young captain. "He is asking about you. He wants to tell you that until the Government forces can get well in motion—and that may take a week and more—the entire responsibility for checking this Japanese invasion rests solely with you and your airship corps."

"I'll do my best, sir," McKay responded modestly.

"And now, sir, for my instructions. This special train will be under your control. Get it through to the Pacific Coast as fast as you can. The saving of a minute may mean the salvation of the nation. You will get further orders by telegraph when you reach Kansas City. We'll have time to lay out your campaign here before you get that far on your journey. Only—speed, my boy, speed, and may good luck go with you!"

CHAPTER II.

SPIES ABOARD.

Two o'clock was just striking when Captain McKay, his six airships, his cannon, his ammunition and his supplies safely stowed aboard, swung onto the platform of the special train and ordered the conductor to start.

With a wheeze, a creak and a jerk, the train was off on its wild record-breaking run across the continent.

Attired now in spick and span uniform, McKak sank into a seat beside his lieutenant, Mills, after his strenuous activities of the preceding two hours.

"Jack," he said, with his mouth close to the other's ear, "I'm not going to let you sleep much tonight."

"Why?" asked the lieutenant surprisedly.

"I want you to keep watch."

"What—on a train?"

"Yes—I want you to keep close watch over our supply of lethite, radite and gasoline."

"You're fooling, Captain."

"Not on your life."

"Then why the need of this watch?"

"Spies."

"You don't mean it," broke out Mills excitedly.

"Wouldn't it be just like those wily Japs? Don't you suppose they know the United States has got the finest airship corps in the world? And knowing that, do you suppose they'd not make a desperate effort to destroy it before any damage could be wrought on their own invading armies? You know as well as I that they're sharper foes in war than to overlook such a chance to cripple us."

"By gad, you're right, Captain!"

"And that isn't all," went on McKay, careful to guard that he was not overheard.

"No?" asked Mills, all attention.

"Have you noticed during the past few days a couple of dark-skinned, short men nosing outside the fence of our airship quarters?"

"My peepers missed 'em."

"Well," McKay went on deliberately, "I saw them several times, but thought nothing particular about it, because those Jap diplomats, with their remarkable cunning, have left us totally in the dark in planning their invasion. If there'd been any intimation of an outbreak between the two countries, over this exclusion question, of course, I'd have had that pair of snoopers locked up, but two days ago who'd have thought of such an astounding development as this?"

"Is that the only time you've seen 'em?"

"Unfortunately not; when I left General Wayne's quarters, just now, I thought I saw the skulking figures of a man and a woman follow me at a distance. To make sure of better protection, I put a guard on the cars while they were being loaded, but even at that I am not entirely satisfied. If one of those nervy little chaps should get aboard, they'd raise cain with our ships and probably wouldn't hesitate to blow us to Hail Columbia by touching a fuse to our ammunition car."

"No doubt about that, I guess," interjected the lieutenant.

"So, instead of sleeping the rest of this night, I want you to go back and set yourself on watch over that ammunition car. Here's the key to it," and Captain McKay handed it over.

"And what are you going to do, Captain?" inquired the subordinate.

"I'm going to spend the rest of the night in watching over our airships. They're too precious just now to warrant trusting that job to any one else."

A half-hour later Lieutenant Mills, reclining on a blanket spread on the floor of above the rumble of the fast-speeding the ammunition car, pricked up his ears as special train he thought he heard what sounded like the tap of a hammer against the sides of the steel boxes which held the supply of lethite and radite.

He rose to a sitting posture and tried to pierce the blackness. That being impossible, he got to his knees and began to crawl slowly to the spot where the cans of dangerous explosives stood piled.

Meanwhile, the rat-a-tat continued. When the lieutenant had reached a spot where the sound seemed directly at hand, he cautiously thrust out one hand in the darkness.

Two feet away his fingers rubbed slightly against a man's trouser leg. Instantly his blood fired, and with the spring of an angry tiger he projected himself upon the unseen intruder.

Spy, he felt sure he was, for who else would have any purpose in thus surreptitiously breaking into the ammunition supply of the expedition?

The lieutenant's strong grip closed about a man's shoulders, the force of his plunge carrying both of them to the floor of the car. But the unknown antagonist, though taken unawares, did not lose his self-possession. With rare agility he squirmed out of Mills's uncertain grasp and cast his own wiry arms about the American officer's neck. At almost the same instant one of his legs curled into the lieutenant's back and bent it painfully.

"No mistaking who this fellow is," thought Mills as he squirmed in the other's embrace. "Only a long-trained Jap would be so well equipped in the jui-jitsu art."

The struggle that ensued was a desperate one. On the one side the Jap spy realized that if he could overcome the man who had caught him, he would be free to complete his scheme to destroy the ammunition car and probably the whole train, and thus prevent any immediate interference with the Mikado's plans of invasion.

On the other hand, Lieutenant Mills fairly gasped with the intensity of the realization that if he failed to check the man with whom he had closed, consequences almost too terrible to contemplate would visit his country.

So, though at a disadvantage, he managed to get his arms about the Jap's head and drew it to the floor. But the grip of his antagonist about his neck and the pressure against his back was both cutting off his breath and sapping his vitality.

In desperation he loosened one hand and swept it about the floor, hoping thus to catch up something that might serve as a weapon. In the darkness fortune favored him, for near at hand lay the hammer and chisel, tools of the Jap, which he had dropped when Mills leaped upon him.

With strength steadily quitting him, the lieutenant gripped the hammer, and, summoning to his powerful arm every last atom of its power, he drove it against the side of his foe's head.

He heard the snap of a bone, and then the Jap's prostrating hold slowly relaxed and he crumpled up on the floor in an insensible condition.

Mills rose unsteadily to his feet, rubbed neck and ribs to restore the circulation that his enemy's paralyzing grip had clogged and then cautiously struck a light.

In its uncertain glimmer he saw his foe was unconscious. Then he leaned over and found the secret of the little brown man's plot.

Beside hammer and chisel with which he had been trying to break into the cans of powerful explosive, lay several long pieces of fuse. He evidently had intended to set off the lethite and radite and destroy not only the ammunition but the entire train as well. The length of the fuse indicated that he hoped to be able to drop from the car and attempt to reach safety before the explosion occurred.

Lieutenant Mills fairly grinned as he picked up the insensible man and carried him from the car. Into a group of the dozing members of the airship corps he carried his burden and dropped it at their feet.

"There," he exclaimed, "there's our first prisoner of war. Watch him well. I'm going to report to Captain McKay."

CHAPTER III.

STRUGGLE AMONG THE AIRSHIPS.

Captain McKay had not been idle. Hurrying forward to the two express cars, which held the prized airships, he proceeded with an electric pocket light he carried, to examine carefully among the steel supports and the heavy silken biplanes and wings for signs of an interloper.

The first car he found just as it had been locked before their departure from the capitol.

But he had barely stepped within the second car and flashed his light about before he heard the sharp crack of a revolver above the roar of the train. Its bullet missed him, but he heard it grind its way into the car-side, just above his head.

Instantly he shut off his light and dropped prostrate to the floor. As he did so, he heard a second, and then a third shot ring out. As the muffled roar of the double discharge died away, he let out a well-assumed howl of pain.

At the same moment he crawled against the side of the car and out of the path of any one seeking to discover his whereabouts. Drawing his own revolver, he lifted himself to his elbows and then tried to peer through the dense gloom about him. As he did so, he heard the slow purr of a human form drawing steadily closer.

When it was within arm reach, he raised his revolver with one hand and snapped on the light with the other. What was his overpowering surprise to see, not the figure of a man, but that of a woman, sprawled on the floor, almost at his feet.

"My God," he exclaimed to himself. "I cannot shoot to kill, or even to wound. I must conquer this strange visitor in some other way."

Before he could quench his light and lay aside his weapon, however, the intruder, long, keen knife in hand, dashed for the Captain. The blade cut through his coat sleeve and tore its sharp way into the fleshy part of his fore-arm.

Almost at the same instant, the enemy's revolver cracked again, and McKay felt the bullet whistle its way along the rim of his ear.

Desperately, he drew away his wounded and bleeding arm and lunged toward his foe, now in blank darkness again. Luckily one fist found its way squarely into the face of the stealthy opponent. The blow was powerful enough to stun momentarily.

The Captain followed it up by fastening his fingers roughly into the other's throat and shook the figure until he heard knife and gun rattle out of its grasp to the floor.

Forgetful of the pain in his slashed arm, McKay bent over and hissed into the ear of his captive:

"What in thunder are you doing here?"

In a moment the fallen figure, in a voice not at all woman-like, gasped feebly:

"You please me wait one minute while I get me more air. Then I weel tell you, please."

The Captain longed to snap on the light again to see at close range something more of this strange opponent. But he dared not release his hold, for fear of losing control of his prisoner.

"What are you in these woman's togs for?" he asked, bending over that his question might be heard above the rattle of the train. "You're certainly no woman."

The eyes of the Japanese twinkled cunningly in the darkness and his adroit mind worked fast over the problem of how best to still accomplish his dire purpose as a spy. Finally, evidently concluding that a seemingly complete surrender would best effect his aim, he said:

"No, me no woman; me just wear dress so you Merican watch me not at all. You no think woman would be spy."

"Clever young man," thought McKay, "it'll not do to let him escape so that he can continue to use that active mind of his against us."

"Say, you Merican," went on the oddly-clad figure, when the officer released his grip on the other's throat enough to allow him to resume speech, "I make you good offer."

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Oronogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and has also relieved the bearing down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. MAE McKNIGHT, Oronogo, Mo.

Another Grateful Woman.

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing down pains and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more troubles that way."—Mrs. AL. HERZOG, 5722 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

10¢ A POUND FOR HOGS

Farmers, don't sell your hogs for 5 or 6 cents and let the Beef Trust sell the meat at 15 to 20 cts. Butcher your hogs, salt and smoke the meat yourself, sell the hams and bacon and make 3 or 4 times what you do now

USE WRIGHT'S SMOKE

a liquid made from hickory wood. Apply with a brush and your meat will be thoroughly smoked, will have a most delicious flavor and will keep solid, sweet and free from insects indefinitely. A 75c bottle smokes a barrel of meat.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE also BOOKLET about Curing and "The New Way of Smoking Meat." Ask your druggist. If he cannot supply you send 10 cts and names of five who smoke meat and we will send them to you. Be sure you get "Wright's Smoke." Made by

E. H. WRIGHT CO., Ltd.,
659 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards—The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. WILLIAMS & CO., 3378 Archer Ave., Dept. 84, Chicago, Ill.

GREENBACKS Pack of $1,376 Im't Confederate Bills and present 10c; 3 packs 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry. C. A. NICHOLS, Jr., Box 52, CHILI, N. Y.

SPANISH Needles, Rods & Books, for locating Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasures. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free. Address, P. & M. AGENCY, 16 New St., Palmyra, Pa.

25 LOVERS' POST CARDS and NAME CARDS The finest line ever sent out. (No two alike). Floral Mottoes, Friendship, Birthdays, Pretty Girls, Love Letters, Love Scenes, Escort, Acquaintance, Hidden Name and other new cards; also our Big Illustrated Catalogue and Premium List, all for 10 Cents. UNION CARD CO., B 60, Columbus, Ohio.

COUPON No. 1207 Send 12c. for a Dollar solid Gold pattern Ring, Solid Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides, any initials engraved FREE. Pass for a $5.00 ring and all the rage. RIKES CO., 225 5th Avenue, New York City.

WANTED Railway Mail Clerks, P. O. Clerks, City and R. F. D. Carriers. Prepare now for examination. 100 Free Scholarships. Pres't our school conducted Gov's Examinations. Write for Catalog and Free Trial Lessons. Ozment's College, Dept. K St. Louis, Mo.

FOY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN POULTRY

And Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about poultry. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c. F. Foy, Box 16, Des Moines, Iowa

MOUNT BIRDS Learn the great art of Taxidermy. We can teach you by mail to mount birds, animals, tan hides, make rugs, etc. Very fascinating and profitable. Decorate your home and office. Save your fine trophies. Tuition low, success guaranteed. Write today for Free Book on Taxidermy and our magazine. Both free. NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, 4152 Elwood Bldg., OMAHA, NEB.

HYPNOTISM

The key to health, wealth and happiness. Anyone may learn in a few hours' time. Control whom you wish. Make fun by the hour. Give exhibitions and make money. Cures diseases and bad habits. Success sure. Very small cost. Write for free particulars to
M. D. BETTS, STA. 15, JACKSON, MICH.

LEG SORES

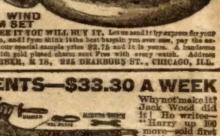
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA. Stops that awful itching. Relieves soreness and cures while you work. Send for FREE SAMPLE and describe case. Bayles Co., 424 East Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

ALL FOUR RINGS given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.
THE CARTER CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ELEGANT Thin Model OPEN FACE WATCH

The popular 16 size for men and boys. An accurate timepiece, ruby jeweled lever movement, stem wind & pendant set, screw back & bezel. Solid Nickel Silver case. Warranted 20 years.

$3.75

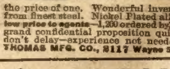


THIN MODEL

STEM WIND STEM SET

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it by express for your examination, and if you think it the best bargain you ever saw, pay the express agent our special sample price $3.75 and it is yours. A handsome Silk Fob with gold plated charm sent Free with every watch. Address M. C. FARBER, R 18, 225 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK



Why not make it? Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Wonderful invention—drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Get our grand confidential proposition quick. Sample free—don't delay—experience not needed—write at once. THOMAS MFG. CO., 3117 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

22 CALIBER HUNTING RIFLE FOR EVERY BOY

This Great RIFLE is over 30 inches in length. The barrel is 16 in. long and finely rifled. It has a built up steel jacket giving it great strength and durability. The rear sight is open and adjustable and the front is a knife sight. The gun has the hammer action and the shell is automatically thrown out when the barrel is "broken down" for reloading. The gun shoots 22 caliber long or short cartridges.

This is one of the finest rifles made. I want you to have one. All I ask is a little easy work. Write today and I will tell you about the gun and how to get it.

A. M. Piper, 149 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

"What is it?" asked the Captain.

"You let me 'lone in thees car for one hour an' I geeve you five hun'red dollaars in your money."

The American officer laughed satirically.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "trying to bribe me, eh? You must think I'm pretty cheap if you imagine five hundred dollars will fetch me."

"Weel, then," the Jap went on quickly, "one thousand dollaars—weel that do for you?"

"You're still holding me too cheaply; I'm a captain in the American army and in charge of my country's airship corps."

"So; then I make you beeg offer. I give you five thousand dollaars if you let me go free one hour."

"But how do I know you will pay me what you say?"

"I have all the money in band round my body. Me show it you ef you like."

"No, you spy and briber, too," cried the Captain, shaking his captive's head as a cat would jerk that of a rat, "you can't tempt me with a thousand or five thousand or a hundred thousand or a million dollars. And you couldn't tempt one of my men either. They're just as true blue to their country as I am."

Meantime, however, the loss of blood which the Captain had suffered from the slash in his arm had steadily weakened him. He felt his eyes go wobbly and dim. He realized that he must act promptly in further subduing the man beneath him, or he might lose control of him. In fact, he shuddered as the fear flashed across his mind that this wily figure he was holding might still be able to accomplish its fell purpose.

He could feel his grip on the other's throat relaxing. His prisoner evidently could also, for once he squirmed quickly, as if trying to break away from it.

Feeling about in the darkness with his injured arm for some possible assistance, the Captain's fingers struck the steel supports of one of his airships. Running them down to the heavy, oiled-silk plane, his heart seemed to catch in his throat as he found a great slit in the giant lower wing of the ship.

"In heaven's name," he gasped; "this fiend has been ripping up our craft. Can it be he's ruined them all?"

CHAPTER IV.

SEALED ORDERS.

Captain McKay's discovery in the darkness of the damage to one of his airships brought nerve and strength back to him. He pressed a knee into the chest of his prostrate opponent and again shook his throat vigorously.

"You skulking spy," he exclaimed in anger, "this is no way to fight in war—to take refuge under the garb of a woman in order to carry out your sneaking schemes. It's all right to be tricky, but this is too d——d tricky," and again the fingers at the Jap spy's throat clutched more firmly and shook more vigorously.

But the exertion told, and the Captain was soon panting for breath and squirming under the pain in his wounded arm. Again the spy, summoning all his strength, tried to tear himself loose. At the some time he threw a loosened arm about the American officer's neck and dragged it savagely down against his own.

The warm blood from the Captain's wounded forearm trickled down and smeared the faces of them both. Its odor seemed suffocating to the American, but invigorating to the Oriental.

At length, with a final effort, the spy curled out from beneath the grip of McKay and threw himself upon the steadily weakening officer.

With a last despairing blow the Captain tried to subdue his antagonist, but it failed and he slowly crumpled into unconsciousness beneath the vise-like hold of the agile Jap.

As the last wavering flash of sensibility left him, the car door suddenly flew back, and swinging a trainman's lantern, Lieutenant Mills burst into the room.

Astonished at the sight of the bloodstained faces of the pair before him, and frightened by the closed eyes of his captain, he at once closed with the odd-garbed foe.

The struggle was short. The Jap, exhausted by his contest with McKay, speedily collapsed under the angry attack of the American and soon lay pinioned on the floor.

"I just thought as much," ejaculated the lieutenant, as he gently shook the still form of the Captain. When he did not respond, Mills gathered up the limp figure of the woman-clothed Jap with no gentleness and hurried back through the train.

"Here, watch this one, too," he called, dropping his burden near his first captive.

The astonished corps looked over the new prisoner, ruffled, unkempt and bloodstained from his recent desperate struggle.

"I s'pose you think you got a woman spy here," said Corporal Gray, "but 'tain't, it's a man."

"How do you know?" asked the lieutenant, busy gathering a flask of whisky and a bottle of ammonia from the medicine chest and preparing to hurry back to his unconscious Captain.

"Sure, by the feet and the hands and the hair," chuckled the corporal, "yes, and by the face, too."

"Then tie him up, hands and feet, and keep him away from the other scamp."

"But where's Captain McKay?" inquired Corporal Gray.

"In one of the cars ahead, laid out cold, I guess, with this fellow's knife. One of you better come forward with me to help bring him back, if these don't bring him too."

Captain McKay's unwounded hand was already unsteadily groping over his forehead. He responded quickly to the reviving odor of the ammonia, and sat up while Mills poured a swig of the liquor down his throat.

"Mills," he murmured, as he looked down at his injured arm, "don't mind me yet, but look and see if that whelp has done any further damage to our ships. I found a long rent in the wing of one."

The lieutenant, whisking his lantern aloft, made a hurried inspection of the priceless contents of the car.

"Everything shipshape and safe, Captain," he reported quickly, "except the one you found, and that, I think, can be repaired easily."

"Thank God," exclaimed McKay fervently, "if anything serious had happened to them, I'd have felt like diving off the train into oblivion."

"That was no woman you were tussling with, Captain," said Mills as he assisted his superior to rise.

"I knew it after a while," responded the leader with a sad smile, "but how did you fare in your car?"

"Oh, I got my man under control after a fight. The boys have got him fast with your slant-eyed friend."

"We'll turn 'em over to the police at our first important stopping place. Do you know the chap that I cornered tried to bribe me with five thousand dollars he said he had in a band about his waist."

"You don't say? What are you going to do with that?"

"Oh, we haven't any business to fool with that. The Government will take care of it when they get the prisoners and my report on them."

White-faced and shaky, the Captain and his two men went back to their car. Here, from the emergency medicine kit, bandages were found with which to dress the leader's wound. Examination showed it to be not a serious cut.

Then the officers turned in for a rest. A few hours later the train made a brief stop at Cincinnati, where the two Jap prisoners were turned over to the police with stringent instructions for their return to the head of the army at Washington.

At the same time Captain McKay dispatched a telegram to General Wayne, narrating briefly the circumstances of the encounter with the spies.

The little Aeroplane Corps also bought copies of the morning papers, which teemed with huge scare heads over brief dispatches telling of the landing of one Japanese army below Los Angeles and the invasion of another army by way of Yuma, Arizona.

Other dispatches showed not only the entire Pacific Coast, but the whole country as well, in a state of panic over the outbreak of war. So complete was the surprise, even to the navy, that only half a dozen of our warships were then stationed on the coast.

The wily Jap had worked so secretly that he had transferred his two huge armies across the Pacific without any one being the wiser. A fleet of supply ships, with food enough to last the armies half a year, accompanied them. These were convoyed by a tremendous array of powerful battleships and speedy cruisers.

As the special train drew puffing into Kansas City, twenty-four hours after its departure from the capitol, two messengers leaped aboard and handed Captain McKay two yellow messages. The first was from General Wayne, and read:

"Make all speed to Los Angeles by special already provided for you. We hope you can reach there before the enemy advances that far northward. Everything for the present depends on you. Will wire you instructions later on your journey."

The second message brought a flush of pleasure to the cheeks of the Captain. It read:

"Sorry not to have been able to say goodby. I'll say 'yes' when you come back from the war a hero. EDNA."

The Captain tucked the message from his sweetheart lovingly into an inner pocket. As the special train once more bounded forward on its frantic race against an army, he fell into a waking dream that brought a tender smile to his lips.

As he meditated thus, Lieutenant Mills dropped into the seat beside him and exclaimed:

"Funny, ain't it, Captain? Five years ago Wright, Bleriot, Curtiss, Paulhan, and all the other pioneer air flyers, used to think that their machines would never be practicable for real fighting in war. And yet, they've been so wonderfully improved that here we are with six of them going out to fight an army of half a million men."

"Yes," replied the Captain decisively, "and they'll know they've been in a fight before we get through with them."

CHAPTER V.

ON PERIL BENT.

Three days out from Washington—breaking all transcontinental train records by many hours—the Aeroplane special pulled into Los Angeles. The Government had well concealed the movement, for the press of the country had as yet printed no inkling of the dispatch of the airships to the scene of invasion.

Fright, to the verge of wild panic, greeted Captain McKay, as, arm still in bandage, he alighted from his flyer. The railroad station was jammed with people, eager to board outgoing trains. Fear was in their faces and in their excited talk.

Twenty-four hours before, the Japanese vanguard had started to march northward from its landing place, and its cavalry was now reported only thirty miles away, awaiting the order for the general advance.

Merchants, officials, private citizens, women and children in the pretty southern California city trembled at the thought of the city's prospective fall into the hands of the enemy as at the thought of the approach of a plague.

Thousands fled the city on every available train, moving north and east. They took what personal belongings they could stow in their clothes or pack away in the scant baggage the railroads permitted them to carry. They left their homes and their stores barricaded as to doors and windows, wildly hoping that their contents would escape the hand of the sacker.

The Government had no means at hand to check the fright or to promise that the fair city would not quickly succumb to the invaders. Within ten hours after General Wayne had received the first word of the Japanese movement, the President had called for a half-million army volunteers.

Like the rising crest of some mighty billow, the half-million responded. Governors of States, North, South, East and West, promptly offered every last man in their militia. Recruiting stations were overflowed with lines of applicants that reached out into the streets and wound about for blocks, singing the national airs and fighting for a more forward place in the line.

But the Government heads were compelled to move slowly. They had first to provide for the huge commissary department that would be necessary to support the vast force they would soon have in motion. Twenty-five thousand regulars were hastily mobilized and dispatched by special trains to San Francisco, but they were helpless before the size of the invading army. It would take weeks before any defense worthy of the name could be marshalled.

The navy galvanized itself into activity, too. The great battleship fleet, equal at least in fighting strength to that of Japan, was hastily ordered by wireless from its stations along the Atlantic Coast to hurry to Newport News Navy Yard, take on coal and ammunition and otherwise prepare for a quick journey around Cape Horn.

But there also delay was inevitable. It would be a fortnight before the vast flotilla of steel would be able to set sail, and it would take upwards of two months for the floating fortresses to complete the long journey necessary to put them within striking distance of the great Japanese fleet off the coast of southern California.

The vital importance of the mission of Captain McKay and his Aeroplane Corps in checking the unexpected invasion of the little brown men of the Orient will thus be recognized at a glance.

Nor was the Captain dull to his task as he leaped from the train and hurried to meet a group of United States military officers making their way anxiously toward him.

"Captain McKay?" the foremost inquired hastily. From his shoulder epaulets, the new arrival recognized him as a colonel.

"The same," responded the Captain, saluting.

"I am Colonel Briggs, in charge here. I have received telegraphic instructions regarding your work here, also a number of dispatches direct from General Wayne for you. My headquarters are in the station here. If you will accompany me there, we can confer better on the crisis."

"I'll go with you at once," said the Captain. Then, summoning Lieutenant Mills, he continued quietly to him:

"Jack, post a strong guard about the train until my return. We'll have to watch our outfit closer than ever now."

In the quarters of Colonel Briggs, Captain McKay found a supply of maps and other information on the war-like situation. The Japanese army, he found, had disembarked fifty miles south of Los Angeles, just far enough away to be out of the range of the guns on the magnificent defensive fortifications Uncle Sam had been erecting for years above San Pedro harbor.

Scouts sent out by Colonel Briggs from his regiment of regulars reported that while nearly all the troops from the Japanese armada had been landed, the forward movement in force had been delayed a few days until the commissariat necessary to feed such a tremendous body of men had been thoroughly established.

"When do you expect this forward movement to begin?" asked the Captain, after he had completed his study of the maps.

(Continued on page eleven.)

FURNISHINGS OF ALL KINDS GIVEN TO YOU

With Your Purchases of Household-Supplies

You can furnish your home, completely and elegantly in this way, without a cent of extra expense. The articles given to you represent what you actually save on your purchases by dealing direct with us, the manufacturers.

We Offer Only The Highest Quality

The offers illustrated here are but examples of more than 1600 others including, **Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Silverware, Dishes, Stoves, etc.**; also a complete line of **Women's Stylish Wearing-Apparel.** Our big Catalog, mailed postpaid, on request, illustrates and describes them all.

By household-supplies we mean your **Tea, Coffee, Spices, Extracts, Baking Powder, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Soap Powder, Starch, Scouring Powder, Toilet and Pharmacal Preparations, Polishes, etc.** Our list of Products includes over 325 such everyday necessities for you to select from.

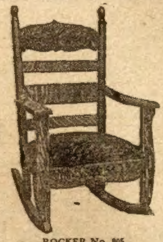
LIBRARY LAMP No. 95
Given with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.
Body and shade buff, blending into green; hand-painted red roses.

You Get Twice as Much For Your Money

By LARKIN

Factory-to-Family Dealing

Here is the explanation: when you buy direct from us, the manufacturers, you pay prices that include but our single profit in addition to the cost of manufacture; you save and are given all the expenses, losses and profits of the wholesaler, sales-agent and retailer which, of necessity, are included in the prices you pay when you buy at a retail store.



ROCKER No. 905
Given with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.
Choice of Quarter-sawed Oak, Golden-Oak finish or Birch, Mahogany finish.
Choice of Red or Green Velour.

30 Days' Free Trial—Send No Money

We will ship you $10.00 worth of household-supplies, your selection, and any article in our Catalog given with a $10.00 purchase, on thirty days' trial. You then pay us $10.00 if satisfied; if not, we will remove the goods at our expense, refund your freight-charges and charge you nothing for a reasonable amount of the household-supplies used in trial. We guarantee satisfaction.

CHIFFONIER No. 5
Given with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.
Oak, Golden-Oak finish; has five roomy drawers.

Get Our Big Catalog—It Is FREE

It is brimful of interesting, money-saving offers. We will gladly mail you a copy, postpaid; send now, before you forget it. It places you under no obligation whatever. Simply fill in the attached coupon and send it to

Larkin Co.
Dept. 149, BUFFALO, N. Y.
If West-of-the-Mississippi River, address
Larkin Co.
Dept. 149,
PEORIA, ILL.

SEND THIS FREE CATALOG COUPON
Larkin Co. Mail Catalog No. 149 and explain how I can furnish my home out of present cost of living.
Name
St. and No. or R. D.
P. O.
State
G. P. 142.

WE WILL GIVE
These 4 Rings
& Locket & Chain
to anyone that will sell 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c. each and send us the $1.20. We trust you, and take back all not sold. Address
A. D. Dale Mfg. Co.
Providence, R. I.

MAKE YOUR OWN TOILET ARTICLES

TOILET CREAMS — MASSAGE CREAMS — HAIR TONICS — PERFUMES, etc., easily made at home. We show you how. Send 10 cents in coin for large sample of finished product, with full instructions how to prepare yourself. Just state in your letter what you want—Toilet Cream — Massage Cream — Hair Tonic—Perfume. You will find our preparations the best you ever tried. Agents make $5.00 to $7.00 a day selling our preparations. Write today, enclosing 10 cents in coin, to FRED. W. SCARFF COMPANY, 37 So. Clark Street, Chicago.

$10,000 FOR A COIN

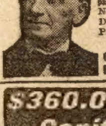
Certain coins, stamps and paper money of recent issues bring enormous prices. A New York collector paid $10,000 each for certain coins of 1877, and others brought $100 to $6,200. Mr. Castle paid $4,400 for a stamp, and Mr. Ayer got $250,000 for his collection. If interested in large legitimate profits send a stamp for an illustrated circular. Address: VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. 14 BOSTON, MASS.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular, or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

NEW RUPTURE CURE

Don't Wear a Truss.



Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.

Catalogue Free.

C. E. BROOKS, 2368 Brooks Building, Marshall, Mich.

$360.00 Working Capital FREE

Tailoring Salesmen and others don't work for $200 a month but own your own business. We have a brand new plan, by which we will supply the capital for you to run the business without you putting up a cent. And we divide the profit with you, you handling the money. Our strictly made-to-measure men's suits and overcoats are the tailoring wonder of the year and are driving all others out of business. Our new plan does it. We will put our money against your time. Send today for full particulars. We can also use a few good men who have not taken tailoring orders. Write quick.

REGAL TAILORING COMPANY, Dept. 30, Chicago, Ill

Grace Lanyon's Betrayal;

OR, THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

By Weldon J. Cobb.

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 2, January 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DESPERATE SCHEME.

GRACE took the note from Vassar to Godfrey Stein, who read it with considerable concern and thoughtfulness. It was some time before he decided upon a reply. After a spell of reflection, however, he said:

"Tell my friend I will do as he wishes, although it is a great deal he asks of me."

Then Grace returned to the house of mystery and reported her message to her old friend. Vassar seemed very well pleased with the result of her mission.

"It may be some little time before I may begin a plan to secure the disclosures I anticipate from Cardona," he said. "I wish you would be in readiness at my call, but you must rest in the meantime."

Basil went upstairs with Vassar. Eva, after a brief conversation with Grace, retired to rest, as also the housekeeper. Grace lay down on a couch in the sitting-room of the suite, but she could not sleep. There was so much to think of. She had not told Eva of all that was transpiring. Her gentle, lovable friend had been content with Grace's explanation, that for services she was able to give Vassar, shelter and food were assured for them. Eva had seemed to accept the happy place and comfort of the present without question. An atmosphere of art, poetry and love had come into her life, and Grace counted every day blessed that saw Eva bright and cheerful, a ray of sunshine for all those who came in contact with her.

Grace awaited some word from Vassar, some token of the expected developments that would enlighten her as to the fate of her missing lover. She heard some one enter the house finally, and caught the vague sound of conversation in the hall.

"It is Mr. Stein and Prince Zimene," she surmised correctly.

In about an hour Vassar came down the stairs and into the room where she was.

"The hour has come, dear lady," he said. "I wish you to witness what is about to take place, for you are interested in the outcome, and but for you, our plans would not have matured so soon. I have induced Stein to bring the Prince here. Come with me, now."

Vassar did not lead Grace into the room containing the man in the glass case, but into an apartment beyond it, which was darkened, and she could look past the draperies into the next room.

Grace noticed that the man in the glass case was sitting up on the couch within his strange prison place. Near by was Zimene, close to him, like a careful, anxious guard, was the money lender and Basil.

On a couch lay a huddled up form, which Grace knew must be Cardona. Vassar took up a position near him.

"We are ready," he spoke to Zimene. "Allow me to move first in this affair, Prince."

"I leave it all to you, my friend," said Zimene.

Vassar wetted a handkerchief with the contents of a phial in his hand, and waved it to and fro over the face of the recumbent figure. A pungent, volatile odor filled the room.

Cardona moved, groaned, muttered some incoherent words and half arose on the couch. He faced the light and blinked. His hand went to his head as if in pain. Then he stared strangely about the apartment.

"What is this? Where am I?" he muttered. "Why——"

He paused and came sheer upright with a great shock. His eyes fell upon Vassar, upon Stein, upon his unfamiliar surroundings. Then, as he caught sight of Zimene, he turned deathly pale. As his glance next wandered to the glass case, he gasped and began to tremble.

"Remain where you are," spoke Vassar sternly, as Cardona made a movement as if to arise to his feet.

The man sat staring vaguely. Once he closed his fear-filled eyes and passed his hand over them, as if trying to shut out a torturing picture and opened them again to find it all a hideous dream.

"Cardona," spoke Vassar, "you have been brought here to face your fate. You are a prisoner, helpless, in the hands of the men whom you have wronged. You are amazed to see here persons whom you last saw in far-away Avillo. Do you know that man?"

Vassar, as he spoke, pointed to Prince Zimene. Cardona swept his stern, accusing face stealthily, and then his features became slightly defiant and sullen.

"It is the Prince Zimene," pursued Vassar, "and through your treachery he has lost the throne of Avillo. Do you know that man in the glass case? You cannot deny that you do. It is Partello, the man whose evidence can send you to the gallows for complicity in the cowardly assassination of four American citizens in South America."

Cardona spoke not a word, but his set, evil face continued steadily pale. He moved about restively.

"There is no need of my telling of the care, the expense, the determination that brought to your door, thousands of miles away from Avillo, the people you need most to fear," continued Vassar. "For months their plans have been in progress, for weeks, here in the great city, you have been watched, followed, hunted down, and tonight, this fated night of your life, you are in their power, at their mercy."

"What do you want of me?" demanded Cardona, in a hoarse tone of voice.

"Restitution," answered Vassar, clearly and defiantly. "There is much for you to do. Refuse, show the slightest degree of defiance or attempted treachery, and at once the powerful machinery of the law shall move at our bidding to place you in a murderer's cell."

"Cornered! run down!" gasped Cardona harshly.

"It is even so," assented Vassar readily. "Knowing the situation, it will be well for you that you speak and act the truth."

"What is it that you require of me?" demanded Cardona.

"The essence of the whole matter is the stolen crown of Avillo."

"What of it?"

"You made away with it."

"Allowing that I did——"

"We know that you did," insisted Vassar. "It was of no value to you, but you know its importance to the Prince Zimene. Do you know where it is?"

A gleam of crafty cunning came into the eyes of Cardona. A glance, however, at the burning, menacing eyes of Prince Zimene, at the serious, determined face of Vassar, caused him to realize the peril of trifling with his resolute captors.

"I know where it is, yes," he said. "See here, you have more to lose than I. All you want is that old iron crown. Very well, for my freedom from imprisonment and from vengeance, I will deliver up the crown."

"Where is it?" demanded Vassar.

"In Avillo."

"Hidden?"

"No, cast away."

"Where you can find it?"

"Where any one can find it from my directions. I cast it away in a lonely ravine. I can describe it accurately. You cannot miss it."

"We do not intend to," spoke the Prince Zimene steadily, rising to his feet and confronting Cardona. "You ask for your freedom. Make no terms with us, ask rather for your miserable life. The law shall have it unless you agree to go back with us to Avillo, and return to us the iron crown with your own hands."

"Go back to Avillo? place myself in your hands, among your vassals in Avillo?" cried Cardona wildly, "never! never!"

"Then," said Zimene solemnly, "you shall die upon the gallows."

"I defy you!"

"Is it so?" pursued the Prince quietly. "Do you recognize Partello in that glass case? Do you deny that he is a witness to the murder that places you under the ban of international law?"

Cardona grew ghastly. He fixed his eyes on the glass case and upon its strange inmate. His twitching lips showed that he realized fully the desperate peril that menaced his liberty and his life.

Grace, watching his face intently, read there the craven fear of a wild beast trapped. She saw also, however, the keen, cunning calculations of a dangerous schemer. Cardona seemed to be rapidly casting up the situation. In one vivid mental effort he appeared to count all the chances and decide on some desperate move.

"Partello is, perhaps, the oldest living man in the world," spoke Vassar. "We have had to keep him alive on artificial air, but he is clear-headed, he can give his evidence, through a tube, that will be accepted in any court of justice——"

"He shall never give it!" shouted Cardona suddenly. "He alone can convict me, eh? Then—I defy you!"

Crash!

With a spring, Cardona had reached his feet. Seizing a chair, before any person could reach and prevent him, he hurled it straight out with tremendous force.

It landed against the strange prison place of old Partello, and shattered it to a thousand pieces.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER DARK.

"Have patience, my dear lady."

"I cannot. Oh! Mr. Vassar, this terrible suspense is killing me."

Time had gone on since the weird, tragic night that had placed Cardona in the power of those who had sought him so long and unsuccessfully.

The denouement of that sensational occasion had come with an unexpected suddenness that had completely demoralized all the hopes and plans of Prince Zimene and his faithful ally, old Abel Vassar.

The crash of the great glass case containing Partello, "the oldest man in the world," seemed to have sounded the doom for all the fervid expectations of Vassar.

As the brittle structure collapsed, as at a breath, its wreck and ruin strewed the floor, a shout of horror went up from Zimene, of consternation from Vassar.

Cardona had taken immediate advantage of their excitement and dismay. He was a cunning schemer. He had apparently noticed everything in the room, even to the exact location of the lamp that flooded the apartment with radiance. After he had flung the chair at the glass case he had glided to the lamp.

Instant darkness followed. By the time that the lamp was relighted, Cardona had disappeared utterly. Vassar started a search for the fugitive at once. He found that Cardona had run through the several rooms, and reached a side window on the building looking out upon an adjoining roof, had dropped to this, and thence by a fire escape to the public street.

A terrible shock awaited Vassar when he returned to the room where he had left the others. Partello lay dead among the ruins of the glass case. The rude transposition to the harsh, unfamiliar air of a strange clime had killed the old man instantly.

When the momentary effect of that terrible event on the minds of those who had known Partello had passed away, to Zimene and Vassar it had seemed that their hopes and plans were irretrievably wrecked.

Of the four men who had left South America, only two now remained—Joseva had been murdered for the money he carride about him.. Partello had met his fate as well at the hands of an assassin.

The worst feature of this last complication was the fact that now Zimene had no power to influence Cardona with fear. The arch-schemer might now quite defy him. The only witness in the United States against him for the murder of the four Americans in far-away Avillo was dead.

It was true that Zimene might lodge a complaint against Cardona for murder, and circumstantial evidence might be secured that might, in a measure, sustain the charge, not strongly enough, however, the South American decided, to cause Cardona more than a brief detention and a final release from custody.

Besides this, the real intention of Zimene had been simply to use his power to force the restoration of the iron crown. Now Cardona had disappeared, Zimene was practically helpless, awaiting a remittance from home to release him from pawn, and Vassar was baffled as to any coherent move he could make to circumvent Cardona.

Partello was buried by the side of Joseva. Basil and Eva passed a dreamy life of contentment at the house of mystery. To Grace, however, the hours of inactivity were doubly burdensome now, and her anxiety over Shirley Moore oppressed her every moment of the time.

It was when she felt that she could no longer endure these torturing emotions, that she went to Vassar one day with an impetuous heart-cry of despair, which evoked from Vassar the kindly direction:

"Have patience, dear lady."

"I cannot. Oh, Mr. Vassar, this terrible suspense is killing me!" was the response of the agitated girl.

"I do not see what we can do," spoke Vassar gloomily. "I have aids helping me to secure a trail of Cardona, but the man has disappeared. I have been down to Malden. Neither he nor his wife have been heard from since they left the place on their wedding trip."

"But the fortune he pretended to be heir to?" inquired Grace.

"The lawyer of the estate, according to the dying instructions of old Richard Moore, paid over a large sum in ready cash to the supposed Shirley Moore. It is possible for the impostor to dispose of his landed interests by trickery. This he has not done so far. The house is closed up and deserted. It looks as if Cardona had abandoned it."

"And the trouble with his wife?"

"No one knows anything about either of them," declared Vassar.

"I am going to find out what has become of them," said Grace determinedly. "Mr. Vassar, give me permission to do so. Give me some money. I will secure a disguise. I am impelled by a love for my missing lover that gives me undying hope and courage. I feel sure I shall discover these people."

Vassar sighed dejectedly, but he agreed to the proposition. From that time for nearly a week, Grace, in a disguise she had purchased, left the house early each morning and was gone on her arduous quest.

It was the end of the week when she came home one afternoon and spent a long time in perfecting her disguise. Vassar noticed this, and asked a question direct:

"You have found a clew, dear lady?"

"I hope so, I think so," answered Grace.

A FREE GIFT.—Every man or woman needs this book. This People's Common Sense Medical Adviser is full of information on the questions and problems which confront young or old—single or married persons. It's the best doctor to have in the house in case of emergency. Treats of Anatomy, Hygiene, Medicine, Mother and Babe. A new, fully revised, up-to-date edition of 1008 pages with engravings and colored plates, bound in cloth, is sent absolutely FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of wrapping and mailing *only*, if ordered at once. Over 680,000 copies were sold at $1.50 each.

Enclose 31 one-cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 657 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. Best and most reliable published. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Conn.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

$90 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES to men and women to advertise, leave samples and collect names. Write at once. Silverton Co., G82, Chicago

10 VALENTINE POST CARDS 10c Lovely assortment, choicest gold embossed. Beautiful colors. Not the cheap kind. Write Capital Club, Dept. 109, Topeka, Kan.

A BLESSING TO WOMEN Two-cent stamp will bring catalog of toilet and other necessities to your home. Address DESK 20., Adv. M.O. House, 56 5th Ave., Chicago

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and list of 2000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., B22 Cadiz, Ohio.

WANTED: Young men and women to learn telegraphy by mail: any one can learn it easily in a few weeks: we are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators; no charge for tuition until position is secured; write today for particulars. Michigan Business Institute, 831 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

5 Fine Post Cards FREE Send only 4c stamps and receive five colored Gold and Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce postcard offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 62, Topeka, Kan.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME $1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 10, London, Canada.

GIVEN For Selling 8 Sheets Music at 15c each (new music, regular price is 50c). Send us the $1.20 when sold, and we'll send these 4 beautiful gold laid rings FREE. F. SUN CO., FREDERICK, MD.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY and Almanac for 1910 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 677, Freeport, Ill.

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE "Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade Mark Reg. The Pipe They Let You Smoke At Home. Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. — Order 2 or More Today. H. MENGES The Smokers' Friend 137 Menges Building, St. Louis, Mo. 40c Three For $1.00 Sent Prepaid Anywhere Money Back If Not Satisfactory

TAILORING Salesmen who are willing to accept $200 a month showing our big samples and taking measurements for the finest made-to-order suits and overcoats at the lowest prices. No experience needed. Our new plan gets the money. Big clear profit on every sale. Send today for big outfit and new money getting plan. WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS 173 Adams Street, Dept. 245, Chicago.

I Treat Eyes Free For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, wild hairs, cataracts, scums, all eye diseases and failure of sight. I will send a full course of my remedies with eye cup by mail, charges prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me; describe your case. Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 298, DesMoines, Ia.

THIS ELEGANT FUR SCARF FREE ANY LADY OR GIRL CAN HAVE ONE IF SHE WRITES AT ONCE This is the handsomest cluster fur scarf offered this season; warm and fluffy; yard and a quarter long, full width, made of dark Baltic Seal with six heavy handsome tails, latest and most popular style. All I ask of you is to send your name and address at once. I then send ten beautiful multi-colored art pictures, to distribute by my special plan at 25c each. I send pictures at once, all charges paid, all different; in 10 beautiful colors SEND NO MONEY IN ADVANCE I trust you with pictures until distributed. I also give an elegant gold-finish locket and long chain. You receive these premiums without one cent of cost to you. Only one scarf and locket to a family—no more. Don't delay. Address, C. M. RICHARDS, Dept. 42 Household Bldg, TOPEKA, KAN.

3 BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURES (12 x 18 INCHES) AND 10 GOLD EMBOSSED POST CARDS FREE JUST FOR ANSWERING

WE ARE GIVING away 36 Elegant Grand Prizes including an Upright Piano, Shetland Pony, Carriage and Harness, Boston Bull Terrier and 33 Large Cash Prizes and in addition many thousands of Dollars worth of valuable extra premiums, such as Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, Fur Sets, Lamps, Ostrich Plumes, Ladies Sweaters, Musical Instruments, etc., also many premiums for Boys and Girls, Hamilton Rifles, Air Rifles, Football Suits, Baseball Suits and outfits, Indian Suits, Magic Lanterns, Teddy Bears, Dolls and Carriages, and many others. Don't you want to get some of them? Just send your name and address,—a postal will do,—and we will tell you how—so easy you will be surprised. OUR PLAN has to do with the distributing of beautiful multi-colored pictures, reproductions of famous paintings (size 12 x 18 inches each) and the prettiest gold and embossed post cards you ever saw (Flowers, Birds, Greeting, Birthday, Mottoes, Valentine, Easter, etc.) Send your name and address and we will send you 10 of the pretty post cards and 3 large Beautiful pictures post paid FREE, no obligation on your part. We want to tell you about our wonderful plan. Send in name at once and get full particulars also the 10 Post Cards and 3 Pictures FREE. EDWARD JOSEPH MOORE, 220 Forrest St., Jersey City, N. J.

Grand Prize Contest
2nd Grand Prize
36 Grand Prizes
4th Grand Prize
3 PICTURES AND 10 POST CARDS FREE
1st Grand Prize

"To Cardona?" inquired Vassar eagerly.

"No, to his wife," replied Grace. "I have been everywhere among her old friends, and finally only today I saw her. She is living in a retired quarter of the city. Day after day, I learn, she wanders about, heavily veiled, tramping from place to place, acting like some demented creature, always looking for somebody. She goes to saloons, to the vicinity of gambling houses, to dark and obscure parts of the city. She has taken to drinking, but she associates with no one, speaks to no one. She acts like some desperate, remorseful being atoning for some great crime, or seeking deadly vengeance on some person."

"Cardona."

"I feel sure of it. I have been watching her, following her this morning. I saw her receive a letter at the postoffice that seemed to arouse her magically. She hurried home. For some hours she has been sitting in her room in a poor lodging house, reading and rereading the letter, talking to herself and drinking liquor. I feel sure that she is only waiting for night to come to make some definite move. Perhaps she has obtained some clew to Cardona, perhaps she has trapped him into a meeting."

"And are you going back again to watch her?"

"To watch and follow her for this night at least, wherever she goes, yes," declared Grace.

Grace soon left the house. Within an hour she was stationed in a sheltered doorway opposite the house to which she had traced Nora Duvall. As a lamp was lighted in a certain room she could make out the occupant. Even at that distance Grace could see Nora consult a clock, arrange a street attire, conceal a revolver in her clothing. Finally Nora left the house. Grace took up the trail cautiously and followed her.

Nora paid no attention to those she met nor to her general surroundings. The night was warm for winter, and she walked so fast that Grace was soon quite out of breath. Nora seemed to have some definite point in view. She at length reached a deserted section of the city, crossed a lonely prairie, and then, at a corner street lamp, checked her pace and stood beneath its flickering radiance like a statue.

There was no habitation in the immediate vicinity. At the edge of the pavement, just beyond the lamp post, however, were some high advertising signs.

Grace stole unobserved and sheltered by the hovering darkness outside the radiance of the street lamp to reach their shadow.

Stationed there, her eyes fixed upon the weird, lonely figure not ten feet distant, Grace Lanyon awaited developments.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

Grace felt that a critical moment in her affairs had arrived. She worked hard and patiently to discover some indication of the whereabouts of the two men in whom she was interested, and now she was convinced that the coming of Nora Duvall to this lonely spot, in some way would lead to developments concerning Cardona and Shirley Moore.

Nora remained motionless under the street lamp, staring fixedly down the street. Whatever her motives or hopes in coming here, she evidently steeled her nerves to grimly, pertinaciously follow out the suggestions of her mind. She reminded Grace of some sombre nemesis following out a set, purposeful destiny.

Nearly half an hour passed by, Grace crouched low behind the sheltering advertising signs. Nora never moved. She seemed inured to weariness and impatience. At last, however, she slightly drew to one side and peered down the pavement. Grace caught the echo of approaching footsteps. Her heart beat quickly.

Dimly outlined, then more clearly and fully revealed in the rays of the street lamp, a man advanced. He wore a hat that came low over his eyes and an overcoat muffling his face.

"It is he—it is Cardona!" breathed Grace.

She recognized the newcomer by his gait, the swing of his body, a certain braggart bearing she had previously noted in the man.

He came directly up to the waiting Nora. She faced him squarely, but spoke not a word. Then she quietly lifted her veil.

Her face was pale, statuesque, marked with lines of stolid severity that would warn any person that she was a woman in a desperate mood, and not to be trifled with. She kept one hand hidden inside the coat she wore. Cardona kept one hand in the pocket of his coat. There was a grim suggestiveness of watchfulness about this double pose that struck Grace as significant.

"Well," observed Cardona, with a short, sharp laugh and a careless shrug of his shoulders, "you found me out, eh?"

"I found a way to get word to you, yes," replied the woman, in a cold, uncompromising tone.

"I received your letter. I trusted you far enough to come here. What do you want of me?"

"What do I want?" cried Nora with sudden fire in her face. "What have I ever wanted since I knew your cruel duplicity. One thing, you know it well."

"And that is?" questioned Cardona lightly.

"Shirley Moore!"

A great heart-throb thrilled Grace. She could not understand the entire situation, but the mention of that beloved name aroused all her interest and activity.

"See here," said Cardona, "you and I have discussed that phase of the case times enough; I'm thinking. Your unreasonableness led to my being compelled to imprison you."

"And when I escaped, I would have killed you if I could," hissed Nora vengefully. "You had a narrow escape."

"So be it," jeered Cardona. "That incident is over. You write me, still threatening, but you claim you know a proposition to settle affairs."

"Yes," nodded the woman grimly.

"What is it?"

Nora remained silent for a moment as though focusing all her mind upon the words she was about to speak. Then, in a low, impressive voice, she said:

"I must go over the past for a few moments. I must remind you of how you discovered me out West looking for Shirley Moore. I was a vain, whimsical girl, jealous of the loyal love of another girl here in the city, captivated by a face I had seen in a photograph. You were on the spot, and you had caused the disappearance of Shirley Moore in some effective, mysterious way. I discovered your secret."

"The worse luck for me, and the worse luck for you!" pronounced Cardona scoffingly.

"You told me a specious story," resumed Nora. "I believed it. You recited a false set of complications, in which you claimed that you had placed Shirley Moore in danger of being arrested, in the hands of safe friends. You made me believe that it was to his interest and to yours, that it was necessary for you to go to Malden and claim the Moore estate, as Shirley Moore. You made me love you. I believed in you. We arranged it all. I was to marry you, which I did. I was to receive enough money to make me comfortable for life, which I never received. Two days after I was wedded to you, I was deserted, left with a mere pittance, while you gambled away nearly all the immense sum you had received in cash as the real heir to Heart's Content."

"All right, granting it is true, what of it?" demanded Cardona.

"I threatened you. My imprisonment was the result."

"You escaped—and now?"

"I have a demand to make of you. I was lured by your promise of gold, but I never contemplated a crime. I am no silly, lovesick woman pining for Shirley Moore, but when I think of the poor girl I robbed of her happiness, of the man you have deprived of his liberty, I cannot rest nor sleep."

"Remorse, eh?" jeered Cardona. "You are soft-hearted, it seems."

"Be careful," warned the woman seriously. "Will you, or will you not truthfully tell me what has become of Shirley Moore?"

"I will," replied Cardona, "but it will not do you much good. If you are reckless and determined, so am I. The money I had is practically gone. I have but one idea now."

"What is it?"

"To secure more."

"From the Moore estate?"

"Certainly."

"You shall not. I know your plan. You have hired an agent to sell the old mansion at any sacrifice."

Cardona started and scowled darkly at his companion.

"In order to sell it, my signature to the deed, as your wife, is necessary."

"Granted."

"I will never sign it!"

"There are other ways."

"Forgery?" cried Nora. "Dismiss the thought. I am watching your game, I shall block it. You wretch! you villain! do not tempt me too far. I demand that you lead me to Shirley Moore, that you release him. I am going to right a great wrong. I am going to restore him to at least a portion of the fortune rightfully his. I am going to seek out Grace Lanyon, and take her to her lover."

"Well! well!" laughed Cardona derisively. "What a romance! And where do I share in this program?"

"You leave the country, you promise to forever cease to trouble them."

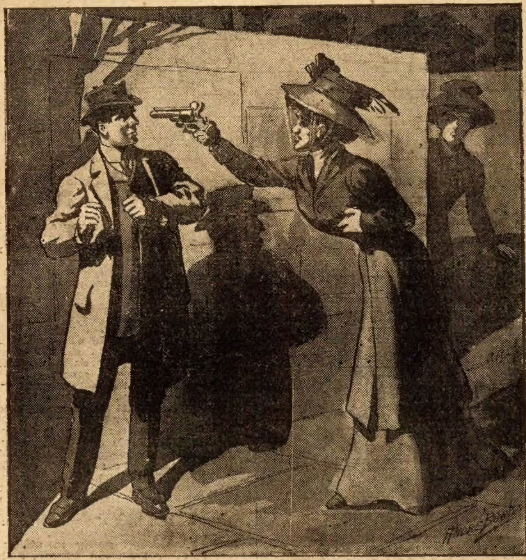
"And my reward?"

"Your liberty and your life."

As Nora spoke the words, she moved her hand slightly where the folds of her dress had concealed it. A steely blue, metallic glitter caught the eye of Cardona. He did not quail, but Grace saw that he was impressed.

"From this moment," continued Nora, "I shall be at your side, I shall follow where you go. I dare not have you arrested, for then you would never tell what has become of Shirley Moore. But if you try to evade me, if you make the slightest move to draw that weapon you have in your pocket, except to hand it over to me this instant, without trickery or hesitation, I will kill you where you stand!"

Click!



"Now!"

CHAPTER XX.

ESCAPE.

Click!

The sharp, menacing sound fell ominously upon the ears of the crouching, watchful Grace Lanyon. She observed a dramatic tableau illuminated by the solitary street lamp in that lonely spot.

Nora had brought into view the weapon she had secreted. Her eyes, in their intense expression, rivalled the deadly gleam of the glinting revolver barrel. Cardona had turned very pale.

"You are in your most attractive mood, it seems," he answered, but it was with a weak courage in his attempt at raillery.

"Did you hear me?" challenged the woman sharply. "Give over your weapon."

"Let me tell you first——"

"Now!"—click!

"Take it! For a wilful, capricious termagant, commend me to you!" muttered Cardona.

The woman received the weapon he tendered, gave it a whirl, and it was lost in the dirt of a vacant lot.

"Now, then," she spoke, "go where you will, I will go with you."

Cardona rammed his hands down deep into his pockets. He gritted his teeth. If a look of hate could have killed the woman, he would have annihilated her on the spot.

He seemed crushed, undecided. For some time he stood staring vacantly at space. His crafty mind could not at once take in and provide for the unique situation which the moment had created.

"It is a question of your liberty, now," spoke Nora in a slow, firm voice. "Later, it will be a question of your life. I will not trifle long. My demand is simple, but imperative—where is Shirley Moore?"

"That you will never learn from me until I have secured what I want of the Moore fortune," declared Cardona.

"We shall see!" said the woman.

Cardona started forward. The woman kept by his side. He did not proceed toward the city, but away from it. His pace was slow and erratic, evidently he was dallying for time to decide on some plan to baffle or evade his relentless guardian.

Grace kept pace with them as far as she could by lining the great high barrier formed of advertising signs. Where they ended Cardona halted.

"Suppose," he observed to Nora, "suppose I should tell you that Shirley Moore is dead?"

A dread chill struck the heart of Grace Lanyon.

"Then you are a murderer!" cried Nora. "if he is dead, you will have to prove it to me."

Cardona shrugged his shoulders with feigned indifference, but manifest restiveness.

"Suppose," again he spoke, "suppose I prove to you that Shirley Moore is alive and well cared for?"

"Lead me to him. I will trifle no longer. You wretch! you miscreant!" cried Nora, losing all control of herself. "Why do I trifle! I give you five minutes to make up your mind."

"To do what?" demanded Cardona.

"To lead me to Shirley Moore."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

THREE MEN EARNED $12,000 LAST YEAR FINE! Really happened! Great excitement! Read the wonderful news. Cunningham, O., Newcomb, Ala., and Woods Texas. Sworn statements. Money came fast, and easy. Sold nine out of ten women. Marvelous kitchen set; Cleaver, Meat Saw, Carving Knife, Fork, Bread Knife, Paring Knife, Can Opener, Sharpening Stone. Wonderful bargain—not sold in stores. Makes big hit with women—can't refuse—all buy. Quick Sales—Money Rolls in. Swanceson, Manitoba, "Canvassed 33 sold 31." All agents report good success. Hurry, write for rich territory—easy, important appointment. Be quick, big thing in this for you—Cut out small pay—Get in big income class. Write now. E. THOMAS MFG. CO., 400 Thomas Bldg., Dayton, O.

MANTLE LAMPS at reduced prices. Light beats gas. Circular free. The Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.

LIQUOR & TOBACCO Habit Stopped Instantly. Box 123 B, Defiance, Ohio

WOULD YOU SELL Wire Fish Traps for us on halves? For creeks, lakes or rivers. Write us. Liles Crowson, Bivins, Texas

EXCHANGE Post Cards. Largest list. Membership and fine pack of Postals all for 10c silver. Union Post Card Exchange, Mount Union, Pa.

CONSUMPTION and all lung troubles positively cured at home. A godsend to sufferers Write today J. E. HAGENY, Box 98, Nevada City, Calif.

TO INTRODUCE OUR "BEAUTY CLUB" proposition we'll give Free a 25c Music Song. Send two pink stamps to pay mailing cost. Address, THE FLORENCE CO., Dept. 3, 1152 N. Ashland Ave., CHICAGO, Ill.

ABSOLUTELY FREE Magic Moving Pictures An imported novelty. Sent Free to any boy or girl sending names and addresses of 4 friends, either boys or girls E. Sullivan, 1826 Holly Street, Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVE SECRETS! I made $5,000.00 a year as a detective. Write to me for the information that will make you a successful detective. C. T. Ludwig, 207 Scarritt Arcade, Kansas City, Mo.

PILES CURE---ETTO guaranteed Sure Cure. Quick relief. We mean this and furnish proof and best references. Our cure mailed sufferers Free on trial. If benefited pay $1.00; otherwise pay nothing. Home Treatment Association, Dept. 35, Indianapolis, Ind.

48 BREEDS Fine, pure bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys, Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful Fowls; eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm; send 4 cts for fine 80-page 16th Annual Poultry Book. R. F. NEUBERT, Box 855, MANKATO, MINN.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

4 Rings FREE Sell 12 boxes Cough Tablets at 10c each. They cure cough in one day. Remit $1.20 and we will send you rings Free. COMFORT MEDICINE CO., Dept. 24 Providence, R. I.

ANY LADY Can Make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly as our representative. Spare time only required. Easy and pleasant. Full particulars on request. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 21, Binghamton, N. Y.

12 VALENTINE, St. Patrick, Easter, Etc. POST CARDS FREE We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will cut this out and send it to us with 4c to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to some of your friends. N. L. MUNRO, 24-28 Vandewater St., New York.

MORPHINE and other drug habits are positively cured by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue Free by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00. DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY 1107 Holland Building St. Louis, Mo.

CLEVER MAN OR WOMAN To introduce a New Patented Household Article to the Trade and by Mail Order Methods; Advertising in Big Sunday dailies furnished free; a double-header for money making. The F. H. ALDEN COMPANY, Advertising Agents, 521 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I POINT THE WAY TO SUCCESS to ANYONE who will follow my course. I have shown thousands HOW TO MAKE MONEY. I can show YOU. My goods and business methods have lifted mortgages, built homes and scattered prosperity everywhere 'Write today for the "SAYMAN PLAN,' and FREE SAMPLES. Address 211 Sayman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. A. American Express Building, Chicago.

SAMPLE CASE FREE TO AGENTS Coffee, Tea, Baking Powder, Extracts, Soap, Spices, Cocoanut, Soda, Etc. We want more good male or female agents at once to sell our goods—big commission. Free premium to each customer. No one can undersell you—give finer goods. Easiest thing on earth to sell and big money in it. $100 to $200 Per Month Easy We trust you with the goods and premiums and pay the freight charges—you pay us when you sell the goods and collect for them. Exclusive territory given—what more could any agent want. Experience unnecessary—no money needed. Largest house of its kind in the world. Territories filling fast. Write today for free full particulars, sample case, territory, etc. Address GREAT EASTERN COFFEE AND TEA CO., Dept. 32, St. Louis, Mo.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order- payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

No man would be able to escape matrimony if nature had fixed it so that all women could have been born widows.

When a millionaire points out the road to riches he invariably designates one that leads away from his own private hunting ground.

A tactful, experienced and observant woman asserts that the most important period of the day is the ten minutes that follow her husband's return from his daily occupation. At that time one word may change his whole state of feeling. He comes home usually tired. Work, and perhaps the vexations of business during the day, have frequently brought him to a point of fatigue or nervousness at which a very little thing may decide what his mood will be for the rest of the evening. Of course, the particular disposition of every man is certain to affect the case, just as it does everywhere else. But, nevertheless, the rule will hold good for the average man. The most important thing for the tactful woman to do is to wait until she sees some signs of his temper before she makes any decided move. Don't, above all things, tell him that the plumber has just sent in an extortionate bill merely for making that little alteration. Don't talk too much in the beginning on any subject. Conversation taken torrentially at the outset is likely to upset anybody who is tired after a day's work and who wants the quiet enjoyment of home. The woman who follows this advice will find her evenings pleasanter than if she jumped at the beginning into the heart of things—especially disagreeable things.

It is estimated that if all mechanical difficulties could be removed and sufficient power developed the minimum time in which passengers could be transported over the eighty-five miles from New York to Philadelphia would be six minutes and forty-four seconds and for the 190 miles from Boston to New York ten minutes and four seconds. A correspondent of the Scientific American, who has been working on the problem, says that the trains would have to run in a vacuum to prevent their being heated to incandescence by the resistance of the air. They would have to be held in suspension in the vacuum tube through which they travel, for the slightest contact with the sides of the tube would result in enormous friction. The cars might be held in suspension by the propulsion of opposing magnets on the cars and the tubes respectively. When thus isolated they could be propelled only by the power of magnetism. The energy consumed in propelling the cars would be comparatively low.

To avoid shock or jar the trains would travel faster and faster until one-half of the distance should be covered and then slow down until the destination should be reached. When the rate of acceleration is just such as can be borne with comfort the limit is attained. The effect on the passengers would be a continuous pressure against the back of the seat, as when a car is started suddenly, for the first half of the journey, and then in order to prevent them from pitching out of the seats the chairs would be turned in the opposite direction for the rest of the journey, during which the same sensation would be felt.

At the speed named above the passengers would be traveling for each half of the ditance one-third as fast as they could fall through the same space under the attraction of gravity.

The Black Phantom;

OR, MARK ASHTON'S REVENGE

By Ella Martin

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

—

CHAPTER XV.
THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

WEARIED out with the conflict of the night before, wounded and sore from the fight, the little band of emigrants looked forward to the coming night with horror and apprehension. They had little courage with which to meet the coming attack. That the Indians would come down upon them in even greater numbers than before, they did not doubt. The scout had told them they might expect it, and he was now gone to gather what information he could concerning their movements. Once during the day he had been in and reported what he had learned, and Mrs. Hill had demanded Bessie at his hands. On being informed that he could get no trace of the two girls who had fled the Indian camp, she subsided again into silent despair.

"It is a good sign," he told her. "She is still safe from the hands of the savages, or I could get track of her."

"But there are other dangers. Something may have happened to her."

"Trust the Indian girl to take care of her in the forest. They will find the way to this camp, never fear. It is what they had in view when they ran away from the wigwams.

"No, Ben," he added, catching the eager light in the boy's eye, "no, you must not go after them. We must keep together so that when the last straggler comes back, we can move on and get beyond the Indian country. I must not let you get scattered again."

"But with you," pleaded Ben.

"Out upon you for a scout, Ben Sheldon! Don't you know that one can go where two cannot—in fact, that two cannot keep together? You did good service before, but the need is over now. There will be more opportunities for you to distinguish yourself right here, where they really need you. You can serve me best by obeying me, lad."

And so Ben was obliged to be content to remain all day in camp, helping to fortify it. His father kept an eye on him, lest he should slip away. As for his mother, she knew where Ben was from the moment he had been restored to her. It would have been difficult for him to have slipped away without her knowledge.

Ben and Delia worked and planned together. Delia was designated "General of the woman's brigade." And the girl retorted that she expected the women would have most of the fighting to do tonight, as they had the least scratches, and were really more able.

Will Allen, not knowing the real state of Delia's heart, and supposing affairs to be settled between her and his brother, spoke banteringly to Carl, and thus betrayed Delia's remark to him. Carl naturally thought Delia had been coquetting with him, and was only shy about giving him her final answer. And after that he was so persistent Delia could do nothing else but whisper the little word he pressed her for. Though she told him such things ought not to occupy their minds when they were not sure any of them would be alive at the rising of another sun.

"In that case I never would have known," Carl replied.

"In that case," she answered saucily, "you would never need to know."

"Delia, you cannot love me as I love you, or you would understand how much I want to know. I shall not mind if I die fighting if you refuse me."

"We are so young," she answered seriously. "Wait, Carl, until we grow up, and I will be your wife."

This was the answer Carl had pleaded for so many times; and he was so elated at gaining her consent to marry him, no matter how remote the time, that he would have snatched her to his breast had he not been within plain sight of the others.

"Delia, you don't know how happy you have made me," he whispered, his eyes lighting up. "Just wait till the folks aren't looking."

Needless to say Delia kept within sight of the others the rest of the day. But her answer had been given with less reluctance because she had discovered that her feelings for his brother had not been affection, but simply admiration for his manhood. And the glamour of it had passed away somehow. She blamed herself for being so fickle in her fancy, and for letting so slight a thing upset her fancy; but the cause of the disallusion had not seemed trifling at the time. She had felt the strongest on the subject at the moment, but once the reverence for Will Allen's manhood was destroyed, it was gone forever. And now she felt only indifference toward him. She had always been fond of Carl, and now it was not difficult to become engaged to him. His delight at her answer could not help giving her pleasure.

She and Ben took Carl into their plans after that, and there was nothing about the work they gave him to do that was neglected.

Robert was as busy as any one could be; and exposed himself recklessly to the aim of any savage that might be skulking near. For he chopped down trees at the edge of the clearing, and hauled them to the wagons, where he erected a small fort, with the aid of the men who were not wounded.

The women worked and tugged and lifted, and even the children were eager to help when it was necessary. For none believed hard fighting alone could win the battle tonight. Once defeated, the Indians would bring their whole force down upon them, and only strategy could save them.

What Robert's thoughts were, as he moved among them, conscious that they held him responsible for Bessie's absence, none could tell. And what Will Allen's feelings were, only those who knew his preference for Bessie could guess, by the dark looks he occasionally cast on Robert. Delia was about the only one who knew the feelings of both, and to soften his anger toward Robert, she drew Will's attention to the fact that Bessie was safer in the care of the Indian girl, who would surely find the hermit, than she would be in the camp when the fight took place.

Delia herself felt guilty in aiding the lovers to stray from the wagons, and she wanted to assure herself that Bessie was better off, as well as to conciliate Will.

Mr. Hill was silent on the subject, except when he spoke words of encouragement to his wife; but he had a determined look about him that boded no good to the savages. As for Mrs. Hill, she looked like a subdued fury, and capable of annihilating the whole race of red men. There was an insane light in her eyes, and timid as she was by nature, she was ready for any act of bravery or daring. Mrs. Sheldon, who had no need to worry any more on Ben's account, felt the deepest sympathy for her.

"All safe but Bessie!" the poor mother cried. "All safe but the one least fitted to cope with danger. And where is she? where can she be?"

"Remember," said Mrs. Sheldon, "that she is not alone, but in company with one who knows the forest like an open book, and will know of nooks in the mountains where they can hide away from the Indians. This girl, so long in their power, holds her own life in her hands as well as that of your child, and will do her best. And besides, the Black Phantom is on the lookout for them."

It was getting late, the evening meal was over, and all but the sentries had retired within the rude structure which Robert Hamlin termed "the fort." There were only three sides to this, as it was thought best not to be cooped up inside a place where it was possible to be caught like rats in a trap, and probably be burned out, if overpowered by numbers. They had protection on three sides; and there were loopholes in

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 927

IT WORKS. When she sees it she knows she needs it. Sure go. 10 cents. A. Wood Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa

EASY CHILD BIRTH explained. Book FREE. Write Mrs. M., MOTHERINE CO., Dayton, O.

Spanish Needles, Rods, Goldometers for locating Gold, Silver and hidden treasures. Our instruments are the best. Cat. 2 cents. Miners Supply Co. Dept B, Palmyra, Pa

MARRY. Universal Letter Writer, FREE to unmarried people, on love, courtship etc. Particulars. Write H. A. HORTON, Dept. C, TEKONSHA, MICH.

EVERY WOMAN GLAD who sends 2c stamp for our new catalog of indispensable family articles. Toilet necessities, drugs, etc. Webster Rubber Specialty Co, D.40, Chicago

84 CARDS FOR 10c 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards. The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

3127 Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Transparent Envelope and POST New Joker and Escort CARDS with Agent's NEW Sample Book and Outfit. All for a 2-CENT stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., Cadiz, Ohio.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential. Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE Room 539, No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

Why Do The Girls Refuse Me?

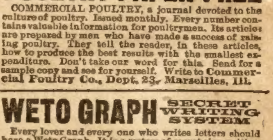
16 Comic Post Cards Free Funniest Colored Cards ever printed. All New. No two alike, and every one a Corker. Full set of 16 cards sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of pretty and comic Post Cards FREE from all over the world. Don't miss getting a set of these IMMENSE HITS to mail to your friends. TEEL POST CARD CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y

Ladies Gents Ladies & Gents Watches FREE We give all grades of Watches for selling our fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. to-day. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us to-day. BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 56, CHICAGO

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. $1.80 WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2¾ oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c. postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc. Anna Ayers, Dept. 580 17 Quincy St., Chicago



POULTRY PAPER FREE

COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself. Write to Commercial Poultry Co., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

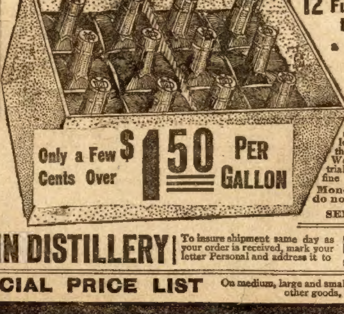
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

A SPECIAL OFFER IN FINE WHISKEY!

WHAT A $5 BILL WILL BUY

We offer this whiskey to you at the same price at which these high-class goods are sold to the jobber and wholesaler at the distillery. It is not a cheap compound or imitation, but is a STRAIGHT KENTUCKY whiskey, made in Reefer's Green Mountain Distillery in Woodford County, Ky. Remember that when you buy from the old Green Mountain Distillery you are assured of receiving the highest class goods

SEND FOR AN ORDER TODAY



Only a Few Cents Over $1.50 PER GALLON

3 GALLONS

12 Full Quart Bottles Famous Extra Special Distillation—

a fine, mellow, full-bodied, rich whiskey

—for only $5

We do not lose money on our goods, and the fellow who says he gives you anything free, or tells you he loses money, simply misleads you. We just sell you a good whiskey in three gallon lots at the same price at which it is sold by the Distiller to the jobber in large quantities. We guarantee safe delivery. If you want a trial gallon, we will ship you a gallon in a fine glass jug for $1.75

Money back without quibbling if you do not find the goods as represented.

SEND FOR AN ORDER TODAY

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY | To insure shipment same day as your order is received, mark your letter Personal and address it to M. C. REEFER, PRESIDENT 991 Reefer Av. Kansas City, Mo.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL PRICE LIST On medium, large and small size bottles (pints and half pints), and all other goods, before ordering elsewhere.

all the walls. The open side was toward the prairie, where nothing could approach unseen even after nightfall.

The old barricade was repaired, and the shelter for the women made safe.

"What need of a place of retreat for us?" asked Delia. "We all must fight."

This little maiden had developed the fighting spirit since their success the night before.

"We are three stronger tonight, without the guide, who partly promised to be back before the fight begins," she said cheerfully.

"And the savages will be three score stronger, most likely," was the answer.

"Hazel will help tonight," said her cousin, Martha. "That will make some difference."

But Hazel had been so dreamy all day, she did not seem like the spirited girl they had always known. She went about her duties in silent abstraction, performing what her hands found to do perfunctorily. All knew that something was on her mind. But later, when Hal, the Scout, rode into camp, there was a change in the demeanor of the young woman, and her spirited interest in the coming conflict was in marked contrast. The scout rode in upon them from the open prairie, and it was not so dark yet, but all knew him at a distance. His coming put new life into the little band, and therefore, Hazel's change of manner was not so noticeable. Their courage rose to the occasion because they had an experienced leader.

Hal cast his eyes over the preparations they had made, and then sought out the parents of Bessie Hill.

"I have news of your daughter and her companion," he said, going straight to the point. "There is no time to tell the whole story, but believe me, she is as safe as the meat inside the walnut shell. In fact, it would be a hard nut to crack—the place where she is hidden."

"But where is she?"

This from the mother, who had never ceased asking that question of her own heart, the winds that blew and the silence that gave no answer. However, the question was to be answered at last, and without delay.

"Safely shut up within the hermit's cave, with Wenona, the hermit's daughter, and under the protection of the hermit himself, who is also the Black Phantom."

This, he thought, ought to reassure them. And then he related something of the hermit's history.

"Bessie is safer where she is, my friends; and you, her parents, who think you have had more to bear than the rest, are favored of Heaven. I would that every one of you might be where Bessie is tonight."

After this speech the scout gazed around over the little group till his eyes rested on Hazel King. He did not address her, but he gazed on her a moment, and then he smiled. Hazel drew back, and he did not see her again till after he had been round their works on a tour of inspection.

There seemed to be a weight lifted from Robert's heart at the news of Bessie's safety. And Will Allen looked less thunderous upon the lover who had led her into danger.

"We have a powerful ally in the Black Phantom," cried the scout, as if rallying his forces, "so take courage!"

"But you will remain with us," they pleaded.

"On the contrary, as I told you before, I must be outside. Let me see! you did very well without four of us last night. I must draw three from your forces and you will still be reinforced by one, for I shall leave Hazel with you. But I must have Ben and one other—Ed Strong here, will do. We may not be better fighters than the others, but we will be able to put up a good bluff. Eh, Ben?"

"It will be something more than a bluff, if I have anything to do with it," replied the lad. "I feel in regular fighting trim tonight."

"Well, that will be needed, too."

Ben's mother tried to remonstrate with Hal for taking the boy with him, but the scout replied convincingly:

"He will be as safe with me as here, and I will look after him to the best of my ability.

"Now, Ben, get the pony you rode into this place; and Ed, you take the one Robert had—with his consent. We will retire, good people, but we will not desert you."

Here Hazel approached, and tendered the scout some supper. He had mounted again, and sitting in the saddle, he partook of the luncheon she was thoughtful enough to bring him.

"Thank you," he said, in accepting it. "I had forgotten I had not dined. We plainsmen get used to fasting. But it is quite welcome when obtainable."

"And you won't have me in your band of scouts tonight?" she questioned, in a low voice. "I believe I earned the right to——"

"To scout?" as she hesitated. "Well, yes; but you see, a scoutess should always remain inside the fort, and see that the hulled corn and hominy are kept hot." And he smiled mischievously.

"And let a savage shoot an arrow through her scout," she said, in a still lower voice, and with a blush that enhanced her looks in the eyes of Hal Wilson.

"Well, you see, she sometimes comes handy outside, too; but I think she will be needed tonight inside the fort. She isn't good at bluffs, anyway; no sham thing about the fight she puts up."

By this time Hazel's modesty caused her to withdraw with the platter. And Hal Wilson joined Ben and Ed, who were now ready.

It was dark by this time; and after watching the three ride away, the men went and built a big bonfire between the barricade and the edge of the wood, so the Indians could not cross the space without being seen. By the time the bonfire should have burned low, the moon would be risen, and they would not need it. Everything connected with the defense was in shadow. There was no call to put out campfires tonight; for now they knew their place of encampment was known to the Indians. By means of the bonfire they hoped to delay the fight; for help from the Black Phantom was promised. Though they did not know what delayed him, the time it took to rescue Bessie from the cave behind the waterfall, had caused his ally to be behind time.

The Indians would wait, it was believed, hoping the fire would die out before the moon arose. They would hesitate to cross the open space, even at a rush, except in the darkness.

The men were waiting behind the barricade; the fort, as they called the walls of logs, was only for use as a last resort, when hard pressed. It was not very high, and inside there were niches hewn in the logs by which one might climb to the top. Robert had meant this for a place of observation, for a loophole was cut for that purpose.

The ever venturesome Hazel climbed to this lookout, to learn if there were redskins hovering in the shadows outside the circle of light. There was nothing to be seen. She handed down this piece of information to the women waiting beneath—women grasping their weapons, as on the night before, and who meant to defend themselves and dear ones to the death.

A moment later an arrow was shot from the darkness into the sod of the barricade on which was fastened a white rag. It stuck in the top where all could see it, and quivered in the light of the fire. Will Allen reached up and plucked the arrow from its place. The men looked at one another questioningly.

"Shall I send a bullet in answer to this?" Will asked.

It was decided it would be best not to, but to parley and delay things as long as might be. Meanwhile, something might happen. They had no definite knowledge of the scout's plans, or the resources of the Black Phantom.

"It is a very dirty rag," said Will, "but I suppose it is meant as a flag of truce."

"One may expect a redskin's flag of truce to be dirty," answered Mr. Sheldon. "But what do you suppose they want?"

"Hoist a white cloth and let us see."

"It will be as dirty as theirs, and as lacking good faith, if I hoist it," replied Will.

But the thing was done, and soon a redskin was seen to advance slowly, as if fearful, toward the barricade, carrying another dirty, white flag in his hands.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Hill, constituting himself spokesman by virtue of his grievance against the savages on Bessie's account.

"Red men want captives. One, two squaws—one red, one white."

"They are not here."

Whether the Indian believed this or not, was not made known; for like a jack-in-the-box, Robert Hamlin sprang to his feet and mounted the earthworks till his head and shoulders towered above them, so that he was a good mark for the Indians hidden behind the forest trees.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he cried. "Well, here is your answer!" And he discharged his rifle at the truce-bearer. It took effect, and that particular savage would never again bear a dirty rag in pretense of making terms.

"Now, come on! you hounders of women!" he cried excitedly, flourishing his rifle. "We are ready for you!"

The men were aghast.

"Rob, you rash boy!" exclaimed his father.

But Will Allen only shrugged his shoulders and said:

"That is something like it, Rob. You'll make a man yet, in time—I shouldn't wonder."

But Robert's action had precipitated matters, and with whoops of savage wrath, the Indians swarmed down upon them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SCOUT'S RUSE.

Hazel, from her lookout tower saw it all. She was dismayed at the numbers that swarmed over the barricade. She understood in a twinkling that the assault by the women of the night before must be repeated, and that without delay, or the men would be massacred in their tracks. For there seemed to be savages without number.

The women were ready, they had agreed to follow her, once she gave the word. She uttered the signal as she sprang to the ground. Delia was halfway to the barricade by the time Hazel had reached the door. Like a little fury, as on the night before, she attacked their enemies on all sides. This time it was Carl Allen's life she saved. She had done this and had received a blow on the head that made her stagger, and nearly fall by the time the rest of the women reached the spot. But Hazel King was in time to shoot down the Indian who was about to put an end to Delia's career.

The other women, and even the children, got busy at once. But scarce three seconds had passed when shouts and wild yells, mingled with the sound of furious hoofbeats, checked the fight. Such a clattering and yelling as would lead one to believe a hundred mounted troops were rushing to the rescue. Somehow the little band of emigrants caught the meaning of it instinctively, and sent forth an answering shout of triumph. This cry, as much as the clattering of hoofs and stirrups, and the lashing of horses, put the Indians to rout. Panic-stricken, they turned and fled, while the scout and his aides rode furiously into the light. In and out of it again and again, they rode, with shouts and yells, making the circle of the barricade, and firing into the forest whence the Indians had fled—trying, by this means, to give the retreating savages the impression that there were great numbers of horsemen. Then they drew up in the shadow of the fort, and the hubbub died down somewhat, while they gave their panting horses time to breathe.

The ruse had worked. They had at least gained time. But there was no doubt in the scout's mind that the Indians would see through the bluff as soon as they had collected their scattered senses. They might expect a renewal of the attack before long. It would do no good to repeat the experiment; it would prove effective but once.

"You will remain with us now?"

It was Hazel King who made this request.

"Yes; the savages are too sharp, and too used to practicing strategy themselves to be deceived a second time. I will take your place at the observation tower."

(Continued on page ten.)

$1500 IN ONE MONTH Actually Made with a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine.

Other men have made $1,000 and more per month for years. Had no experience—only energy and determination to make big money. Small capital required. World-wide field.

Perrine, Calif. One day's sales $350. Did $22,000 in 7 months. **Fay, Texas,** did over $5,000 in Memphis in 6 mos. Moved to Nashville, did $6,000 in 5 mos. **Chandler & Rudd Co., Ohio,** report single day's sale 2300 dozen. **Putman, Ohio:** "I find your machine most profitable investment I ever made." **Fankhouse, O.,** took in $54 first night.

YOU CAN HAVE THE SAME START FROM US that they had—also our secret formula for making the delicious, appetizing sort of crispettes that sell all around other kinds. You cannot lose by looking into this, and when you see what others have done, your own judgement will prove to you the enormous possibilities in this offer. **Write Today**—get ready for a big money-making business—territory going fast.

W. Z. LONG COMPANY, 82 High Street, Springfield, Ohio.

SOLID GOLD RING

FREE SOLID GOLD SIGNET RING

TO LADIES, GIRLS AND BOYS. This magnificent ring is Solid Gold (not gold filled or gold laid, but **solid gold** through and through). The design is the very latest and is exquisitely **engraved by hand.** It is just like the rings all the jewelers are asking from $5.00 to $10.00 for and is something that will last forever. Signet rings are very popular now and everybody should have one. We engrave any initial you want on the ring. We are going to give thousands of these elegant rings away to every lady, girl or boy who does just a little favor for us. It will only require a few minutes of your spare time.

How to Get One FREE

We want you to help us introduce our beautiful Gold Embossed Souvenir Post Cards in every vicinity. All you have to do is sell 20 sets of these beautiful souvenir post cards among your friends and neighbors at 10c per set, giving one of our valuable coupons free with each set. Everybody you show them to will be glad to buy one or more sets at the low price of 10c. When you have disposed of the 20 sets and sent us the $2.00 received we will send you the solid gold signet ring at once, exactly as advertised.

SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address and we will send you the 20 sets at once, together with the coupons and full particulars. **It Costs Nothing to Try,** as we will take back the post cards if you fail to sell them. You will be surprised at this remarkable offer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today. Address **MYER ART CO., Ring Dept. 35, CHICAGO, ILL.**

HARRIS-GOAR MFG. CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.
EXTRA HOLLOW GROUND
FULLY WARRANTED
THIS CUT IS 2/3 ACTUAL SIZE

Try This Razor

FREE FOR ONE MONTH

We use it ourselves and know it's absolutely the BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.

THE BLADE of this Razor is made of the FINEST INDIA BLUE STEEL and is STRONGER and KEENER than any other Razor made.

A $3.00 RAZOR ON CREDIT $2

We are anxious to have every man use this remarkable razor. That's why we make this **REDUCED PRICE and GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER.** You can send us 50c with your order, or send 50c on receipt of razor, and then

Try it For One Month Free

and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever saw at any price, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the 50c. Or, if you want to keep it, send us the balance of $1.50 at the rate of 50c each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write today for this one on **FREE TRIAL.**

Some send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—Some don't—SUIT YOURSELF.

HARRIS-GOAR MFG. CO., 1124 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

COPPER DISTILLED
NO MARKS TO SHOW CONTENTS
PURE WHISKEY $5.00 PER CASE 12 FULL QUARTS
Full Quarts

12 QUART CASE WHISKEY FOR ONLY $5

We ship full 32 ounce quarts—not 16 ounce pint bottles.

Our Offer: Send us $5.00 and we will ship you a case of **Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey** in 12 full 32 ounce quart bottles, (not 16 ounce pint bottles) to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. It is fine straight whiskey (no spirits, no compound, no blend, no imitation whiskey—nothing but straight whiskey.)

Only 500 Cases to be sold at this price

Full 32-oz. Quarts, not 16 oz. pint bottles.

(Five Premium Coupons, worth 50 cents, sent in each case.)

Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey is put up for the Drug Trade in the Prohibition States, where a large demand for a pure, high grade whiskey exists. We are informed that the retail druggists usually sell it over the counter at $1.50 per bottle. This whiskey is pure, conscientiously distilled, guaranteed under National Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, and is intended only for physicians' prescription purposes. We refer to Atlantic National and Barnett National Banks of our city and refund money to all dissatisfied customers just as cheerfully as it was received. People who object to the word distilling, can remit to our manager, E. O. Strupe. **This ad may not appear again, so send an order today to**

Atlantic Coast Distilling Company, No. 229 Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

AGENTS $50 TO $100 A WEEK HURRY! IT'S GREAT

SENSATIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR MAKING MONEY---MEN AND WOMEN

Every home needs—wants—must have it. Women buy eagerly. Agents excited. Orders coming thick and fast. Brand new. Field untouched. Nothing ever like it before. **Never such a seller.** Never such a wonderful invention. Be quick—don't wait—experience unnecessary. Just listen! One woman made **$24 first half day.** James E. Cummings, Neb., made **$180 in six days.**

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

Marvelous results reported from every state. Read on about this great modern household invention. Millions have wanted—needed—for years. Only enjoyed by rich. But here at last for rich and poor. **Home Vacuum Cleaner**—Blessing to all. **Rushing, whirling, sucking air draws dirt, dust, germs from carpets, rugs, mattings,** while they remain on floor. Strange—bewildering—phenomenal. No electricity—no motors—no power. Operated in any home by child or frail woman. Weighs 4 lbs. Different from anything ever seen. Purifies atmosphere—wards off disease—stops doctor bills. Sucks dirt from **carpets, rugs, mattings—from crevices, beneath radiators, furniture, behind doors, closets, etc.** Sold on demonstration. Women can't resist. Shown in three minutes. Sold in five. Then on to the next. Women praising, make sales easy. **Saves drudgery, cleaning, dusting.** Saves taking up carpets—saves time and money. No more brooms, brushes, dust cloths. No more backache. Never such a money maker—never such a blessing to women. Never such a chance to make money easy—quick. Big profit on every sale. But you must hurry.

READ HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN. Agencies going. Everybody on the jump. Henry Falkner, Penn., writes: "Worked evenings last week—**made $18.00.**" James Henderson, Wis., "Sold 50 this week. Rush 100 more. This is great. **Easiest money ever earned.**" B. Arthur, Mich., wires **Quote price on 500.** Biggest seller of all time. Expect to sell 1000 week easy. Have 10 agents working." And so it goes—all eager, all say "Its great." So hurry. You can't fail. Get busy now. John Judson, Iowa, writes: "**Shall finish paying for home with profits made from cleaner,**" Grand invention—great seller." (**Hurrah! Join the money makers.**) Get this money. Don't be satisfied with small wages. Don't just exist. **How splendid to always have money in abundance. Break away!** Send today. Don't write a letter—just a card. Only write—that's all. Begin now to make money. Just think! Mrs. McCrackern, Ill., timid woman—not strong says: "**Can always make $6 to $9 a day.**" Then what can you do?

DON'T WORK FOR WAGES Gain freedom from drudgery, long hours, bossism, job hunting. We want more Agents, Salesmen, Managers—Men and women, at home or traveling, all or spare time to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. You can't make a mistake. Listen! John Logan gave up $12 job driving team, now makes $50 weekly. Writes "Sold 15 cleaners today. Success is sure." That's the way they all read—So hurry and write. **SEND NO MONEY**—Just your name on a card. We'll send full instructions and offer good territory. We'll help; we'll start you making money. Write.

R. ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING CO., 69 Alms. Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WORTH KNOWING.

Simple Remedy That Any One Can Prepare at Home.

Most people are more or less subject to coughs and colds. A simple remedy that will break up a cold quickly and cure any cought that is curable is made by mixing two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. You can get these in any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle. The mixture is highly recommended by the Leach Chemical Co., of Cincinnati, who prepare the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure for dispensing.

The Real Query.

"Bless the dear children!" exclaimed the fond mother of six. "What would we do without them?"

"That isn't the question," rejoined the practical father. "What would the mumps, measles, whooping cough, etc., do without them?"

Many Gems.

Tess (at the reception)—Mrs. Newriche has on a great many diamonds tonight.

Tom—Yes; she looks like a human chandelier.

A Chance to Make Money.

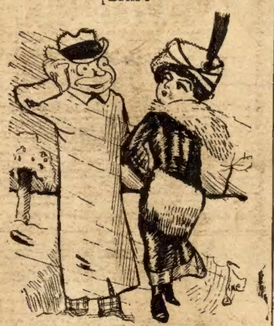
Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit tree planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Foiled Again.

"It's a cold day," remarked the stranger, "but it's not as cold as——"

But that was as far as he got. His audience seated around the village grocery stove coughed him down.

Slur.



Kenneth—Reggy has been a member of our club for years.

Isabel—Why, I didn't know he drank.

BIG COMPANY DISTRIBUTES BIG MEDICAL BOOK FREE.

The well known Pierce Co. of Buffalo, is advertising its business by giving away free of charge copies of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This famous book has 1,008 pages with engravings and color plates and the copies of the new revised edition that are given away are bound in cloth. This book treats of Anatomy, Hygiene, Medicine, Mother and Babe and every family ought to grasp this opportunity to get a copy free by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce at the address given in the advertisement on page 4 of this paper.

Proof.

First Amateur Hunter—Is Jagson a good shot?

Second Amateur Hunter—He must be. He hasn't killed a guide yet.

AGENTS WANTED

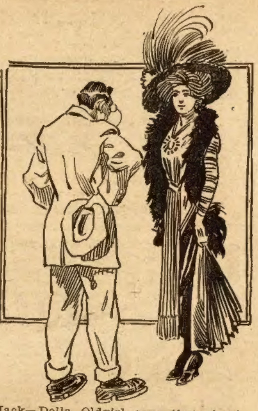
Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models $10 to $27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1908 & 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12 100 Second-Hand Wheels *All makes and models, good as new*.............. $3 to $8 Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAY'S FREE TRIAL. TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.* MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S58. Chicago

Sell Tobacco and Cigars

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOMOTOCK TOBACCO WORKS. Box J 12 DANVILLE VIRGINIA

AGENTS 200% PROFIT Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

Dear Friends.



Jack—Della Oldgirl says that she is a daughter of Eve.

Stella—She looks more like a sister.

A Stupid Lawyer.

Ethel, the youngest of a large number of girls in a certain Philadelphia family, recently entered upon the duties of amanuensis to a Walnut street lawyer.

"How do you like your employer, Ethel?" the young woman was asked upon her return home that night.

"Oh, he's very nice," said Ethel, with faint praise, "but awfully narrow-minded."

"In what way?"

"He seems to have the idea that words can only be spelled his way."

A Murderous Scheme.

Stubb—Why in the world is Cranker devoting so much time to flying those model air ships? Does he expect to equal the Wrights?

Penn—No, it's a pet scheme of his. Today he sent up his wife's dog and it never returned, and tomorrow he is going to send up his wife's parrot if a strong wind is blowing.

Bunny's Retort.

The denizens of the wood were jollying the rabbit about his tail.

"It's short," laughed the fox.

"I know it," replied Br'er Rabbit.

"But why do you wear it so short?"

"Why, to keep people from trying to catch me by putting salt on it."

And then the fox stopped asking foolish questions.

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist, at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

No Need of Haste

Mr. Brown—I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you.

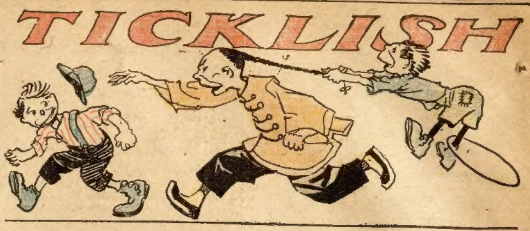
Mrs. Brown—And what did you say to him?

Mr. Brown—I asked him what he was running for.

Enlightening.

Ostend (reading Russian dispatch)—Pa, what is the Finnish diet?

Pa—Finnish diet? Guess it must be fish, my son.



THE SEASON'S PASS.

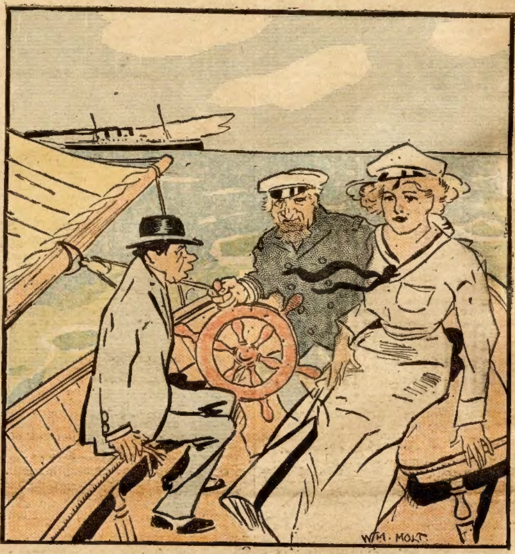
The fishing tackle 's in the attic.
The football tackle looks erratic;
The baseball batter 's gone away,
The buckwheat batter 's come to stay.

According to His Own Ideas.

"They are going to hang that ropemaker tomorrow."

"Well, he always said he would die in harness."

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.



The Male Tripper (nervously)—Is anybody ever lost on these—'er—pleasure-trips?

The Old Salt—Bless yer, no. There was three drowned last week, but all their bodies was recovered next tide.

Life Inequalities.

Fond Mother—Th' papers is sayin' as how Mister De Star, th' great actor, is gettin' one hoondred dollars a night.

Scene Shifter—Yis; an' wot does we get—only fifty cents a night fer shiftin' all that heavy scenery fer him ter walk an' spout before. It's an Anarchist I'll soon be.

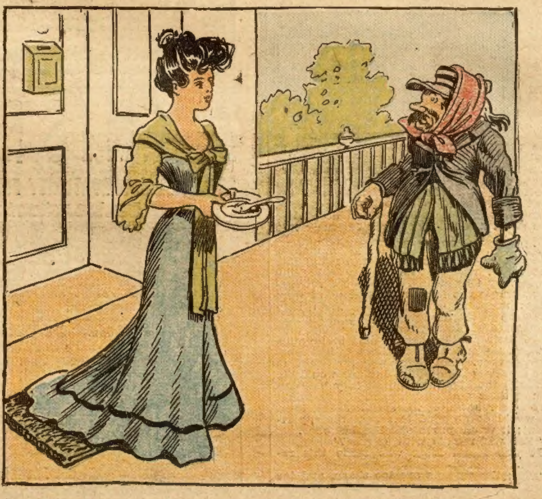
An Upward Step.

Mrs. Thompson—The Newriches are beginning to absorb some culture.

Mrs. Tompkins—Indeed!

Mrs. Thompson—Yes, they always call their sittingroom the "livingroom" now.

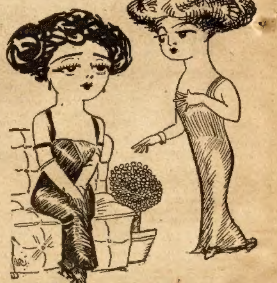
A PROPOSAL.



Housewife—You always seem to enjoy eating my food, but my husband is never suited with it!

Beggar—Say, get a divorce and marry me!

Spiteful Thing.



Miss Pert—Ever since I refused Tom, two weeks ago, he hasn't been sober a day.

Miss Caustique—Not tired of celebrating, eh?

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Have you tried various remedies for diseases peculiar to our sex? Suppositories and cones are mostly cocoa butter, olive oil or other fats. They can't cure you. Medical Science has discovered that these fats and oils prevent the action of the medicine. You should know **why**. I want to explain it to you. And I want you to try a remedy which **will** cure—which contains no oils or fats—just pure medicine that acts quickly and surely. I will send a liberal trial, and the explanatory booklet absolutely free. Address Ella Howard, Box 495, South Bend, Ind.

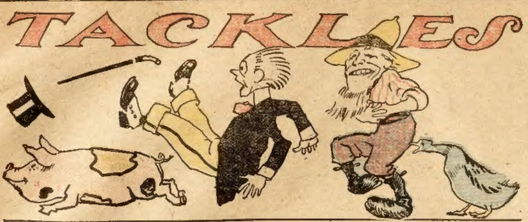
GAS-LADEN ATMOSPHERE.

If it be true, as science teaches,
That sound waves travel on for years,
The air is full of wasted speeches,
Likewise, also, useless cheers.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

When a girl doesn't tell her mother of a man who tried to kiss her it's a sign that he succeeded.



HARD TO DROP.

But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

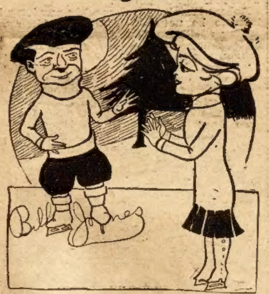
"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ails and to take up Postum."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Skating Home.



"How do you like that?" he asked as he finished cutting his own name on the ice.

"Put 'Mrs.' in front of it and I'd like it very much."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

You can make big money down nea. Mobile growing Sumatra and Havana Tobacco, Fruit or truck; $5,000 a year on a 5 acre farm costing $850. Write Mr. S. L. Boggs, 508 Keystone Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., and secure a few broad acres, an income and a lovely home.

All flesh is grass. Perhaps that is why a fat-person reminds one of a load of hay.

Eye to Business.

"That's a bright clerk," remarked the floorwalker in the book department.

"Right on the job, eh?" asked the proprietor.

"I should say so. He heard that the class from the girls' college was coming in here to buy novels today, so he has arranged the volumes all upside down, so their last chapters will be first."

An Ignorant Teacher.

Father (impressively)—My son, I want you to be very attentive to your new teacher, who is a man of wide and general information. He can teach you everything you need to know.

Small Boy (derisively)—He? He don't know nothin'! Why, he can't even tell who's pitchin' in the league teams.

The Anarchist Is Right.

Mrs. Binks—A noted anarchist of Chicago says that people will wake up some fine morning, and find that John D. Rockefeller has lost every dollar.

Mr. Binks—That's so, every word of it.

Mrs. Binks—My goodness! When will it be, do you think?

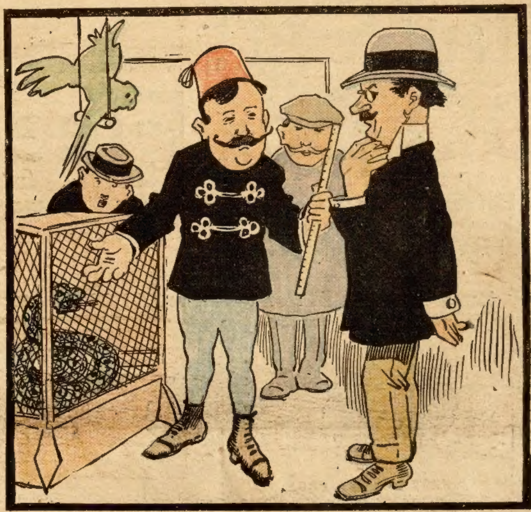
Mr. Binks—When he dies.

Remuneratively Employed.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?

Little Boy—I'm not idling away my time. There's a chump inside with my sister, who is paying me a dime an hour to watch for pa.

A FAIR OFFER.



Spectator—That boa constrictor can't be near so long as you claim in your advertisement. It's a swindle!

Showman—Here you have a yardstick, sir. You can measure him for yourself.

Too Low Down.

Miss Astervilt—Are you going to Miss Bangup's party?

Miss Tremont (of Boston)—Certainly not. I have no desire to associate with the common herd she has about her.

Miss Asterbilt—Common herd? Who?

Miss Tremont—Oh, millionaires and such people.

Sounds Reasonable.

"If marriages are made in Heaven, why are not divorces?" asked the attorney.

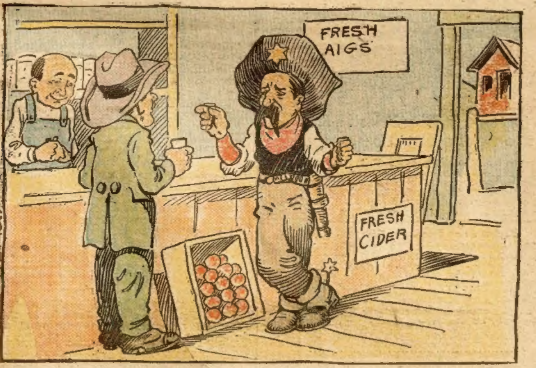
"Well, because it takes a lawyer to get a divorce, and there are none up there," replied the client.

How About That?

"A penny saved is a penny earned," quoted the moralizer.

"But," rejoined the demoralizer, "the pocket piece you carry for ten years accumulates no interest."

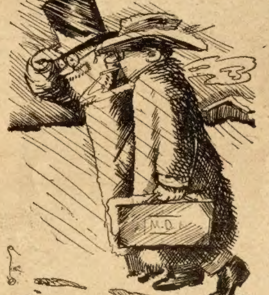
TOO NEAR HOME.



Sheriff—Say, jedge, you shore gave that pore fellow who stole Sharpspurr's jackass an awful long sentence.

Judge—Well, that was the second jackass that had been stole in town in a week and it was getting to be so that none of us were safe.

Favorable Opening.



Old Doctor—Well, have you got a good neighborhood to start operations in?

Young M. D.—I should say I have—right near an auto race track and a cooking school.

The Unfortunate Child.

Mr. Fivefloor (jumping up excitedly, as suggestive sounds come from the floor above)—Hark! Listen! Do you think it's possible that that is the vegetarian lady whipping her little boy?

Mrs. Fivefloor (coolly)—not possible, but probable. She told me she had caught the child eating sweetmeats.

A Temperance Lesson.

Temperance Man—I was glad to observe that at the recent launching your vessel was christened with pure water instead of wine.

Old Salt—That's so. I just said to myself, "Cap'n Seadog," says I, "this thing has got to stop. I ain't goin' to waste any more good liquor on such foolishness."

A Wise Old Lady.

Benevolent Old Lady—I wish to leave all my property to charity.

Lawyer—Your relatives might break the will. Why not give the property to charity at once?

Benevolent Old Lady—They'd put me in a lunatic asylum.

AGENTS WANTED

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. *No "Bonfire" to start it.*
Lights like a flash with ¼ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.*
Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door.
No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868.
You can't afford to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price on specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today.* Hear by return mail. *Then* order if you *want* to. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

AGENTS Send 10c for our Valentine Postcard package; 20 cards. George Allen, Bound Brook, N. J.

EARN $8 ADVERTISING OUR WASHING FLUID in your town with 100 samples. SEND 6c. STAMPS and secure terr. A. W. SCOTT. COHOES. N. Y.

AGENTS Guaranteed Hosiery is lightning seller. Nothing like it for making money. Free sample. FORSHEE CO., B1009, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS $36 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required, 30 days credit; photo pillow tops 30c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames; lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept.Z. Ritter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

MEN WANTED QUICKLY By big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise, $21 weekly, liberal expense allowance. MANAGER, 1210 State Street, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AND FRAME 55c. Pillow Tops 35c. 72 page cat. free. Agents wanted. Man'f'rs Portraits and Frames. National Portrait Co., Chicago, Ill.

PORTRAIT AGENTS: Pillow Tops, Bromides, Solar Prints, hand stippled and air brushed Bromides, very fine, Crayons, Pastels. The very latest (Emerlines) Picture Frames. Cheapest house of all. Samples free. Crescent Portrait Studio, 918 Montana St., Chicago

BIG MONEY selling our Metallic Sign Letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Anyone can stick them on. Write for free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 416 N.Clark, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED
Sell our Big $1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents.
200 Per Cent Profit
Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
F. R. GREENE, 22 Lake St., Chicago

PORTRAIT AGENTS WANTED.
Guaranteed Crayons size 16x20 40c. Frames at your own price. 30 days' credit, samples free. We are not in the picture and frame trust. We own a large frame factory and sell at one-half the price portrait companies can. Our business established 25 years. We can give you steady employment. Our big wholesale art catalog with confidential prices and instructions mailed free to agents. WILLIAMS PICTURE & FRAME CO., 2506 Taylor St., CHICAGO

$5000 In Prizes to Davis AGENTS
We give our agents unusually large profits for selling our high-grade soap and toilet specialties, and reward loyal and continued service with a share of our profits in premiums. $15 to $25 weekly easily made; hustlers as high as $100. Illus. catalog and profit-sharing plan free.
E. M. DAVIS SOAP COMPANY (Established 1896)
1472 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS
PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB
Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 757 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

WE OFFER YOU A POSITION.
We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money—$3.00 to $5.00 a day guaranteed according to class of work. YOU NEED NO MONEY. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A BIG opportunity. Write today for free plans, sample outfits, etc. All free. G. H. GROUNDS, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4149, Chicago, Ill.

MLY'S SKIRT HANGER
Does away with pressing. Saves room in clothes press. Once adjusted the skirt is ready for packing. Send 10c for sample or 3 for 25c. Terms to Agents: 50c per dozen (postpaid) to any address. Agents selling them for 10c each making a profit of 70c per dozen, or 140 per cent on investment. MLY MANUFACTURING CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Two Rings GIVEN
Sell ten packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1 and we will send these 2 handsome rings, or choice from premium list. A reliable firm, estab. fourteen years. Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 185, Woodsboro, Md.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

The Black Phantom.

(Continued from page seven.)

"My place! How did you know?"

"I saw you when you inadvertently stuck your head above the logs. You were a good mark then, if I had been a redskin. I saw the women rush forth, and I started then; but you and Delia reached the place in advance of me. What possessed that child? She was like a whirlwind!"

"She was bent on avenging Bessie's capture, I think, as well as on aiding the others. It is the only way in which she has greatly shown her concern for her sister's absence. It is like her nature to act instead of talk. And her mother was so easily stirred up over the subject, she avoided any mention of Bessie. But Delia will be as rejoiced as any one when her sister is returned to them.

"Do you think the Indians saw through the trick you played upon them?" Hazel asked, after a few minutes silence, during which time Hal was devouring her with his eyes, and from very nervousness she was obliged to speak.

"Not at the time, perhaps; but they will spy upon us, and learn our numbers and the strength of our defense. They will then see through the trick we played, and the attack will be renewed. We three will remain on horseback, and will ride them down as we fight."

Hazel turned her eyes on Ben and Ed Strong, who were in conversation together a short distance away.

"He is all right?" she said questioningly, nodding toward Ed.

"He can ride and yell as well as another," he replied with a laugh. "And that is about all any of us had to do. I have no doubt he can fight also," he added.

"Do you think" (Hazel was running short of material for conversation and was beginning to look for some way to escape the scout's scrutiny) "it was the right thing for Robert to shoot the truce-bearer? Delia was greatly shocked."

The scout laughed again.

"It did not matter much, except the looks of it. He was probably sent to hold the men's attention with his parley while some one of their number was creeping up in the rear to spy upon the camp. The white flag means no more to them than any other form of promise. They certainly knew that Wenona was not with us, for at sunset she stood with her father high up the cliff, and defied them, as he has done for years. It was only a means to an end—their dirty flag—and Robert need not feel bad at all for making one less of them. There was treachery at the bottom of the maneuver, you may be sure."

Hazel made some excuse to join the women, and the scout dismounted and climbed to the top of the fort to see if there were any signs of Indians. There were none. However, on casting his eyes to the left he beheld a familiar object just on the edge of the wood. Dark and motionless it loomed up against the background of timber; and he knew the Black Phantom was on hand awaiting a crucial moment. More ample than usual looked the folds of his drapery, and a smile of satisfaction passed over Hal's face.

He made a tour of the camp, and placed the men to the best advantage to pick off the foremost savages. And then, taking Ed Strong on one side of him, and Ben on the other, he rode out from the shadows in such a way as to be plainly seen by the eyes of the savages watching his movements from the wood beyond. Then the three rode away toward the open prairie.

As he had expected the enemy saw there were only three of the rescuing party, and these three had departed. And they only waited till they should be out of hearing. But as soon as Hal knew the gloom of night had swallowed him up, and it was safe to do so, he led the way round to the right, opposite the Black Phantom, and waited as near the camp as was possible and remain unseen. In case he was needed he was not farther away than before. This maneuver on his part was intended to precipitate the fight.

A half-hour passed. Not a sound broke the stillness. More than one party in that mountain region was growing weary of delay. The savages, never weary in evil-doing, were tired of waiting for the hour when they could safely strike the next blow. They figured that the party of horsemen had happened onto the fight, and had now departed, believing they had won the victory. And they must be beyond hearing by this time.

Just as the strain of watching and waiting for an unexpected event, was telling on the nerves of those who waited, the war-whoop was sounded and the rush across the intervening space to the barricade took place.

It was sudden—so sudden, though momentarily expected, that it was an instant before the watchers could meet the rush with rifle balls.

Fortunately, a check in the rush was made by these bullets, and the second rush was met by something entirely unlooked for by the redskins. Their way was impeded by a black, motionless object, that seemed to rise in their path and forbid further progress. They had not seen it come, but it is our opinion it moved faster to get to its place than the red men would have believed possible. And the wonder of it took their breath away. And while they stood and stared, the noble charger pranced forward, its step soft and silent, its glossy neck arched, while it champed noiselessly at its bit.

They were startled to see it here, out of its usual haunts—this strange being, which they had never understood. The Great Spirit was angry, they believed. They fell back as if they expected to see one of their number slain—stricken down by the "unseen death." These ignorant savages believed that the whites were under the protection of the Black Phantom, and they drew back.

The long arm of the phantom, all draped as it was, made a sweeping gesture toward the Indian village, which could not be mistaken. At this they turned and fled; and none believed they would pause before they had reached the shelter of the tepees. There was no cause to fear further molestation from them.

When they were gone, the noble steed, stepping slowly as before, approached the place where the women were congregated. When it was well within the shade of the trees, two slender forms slipped from beneath the sable folds, one from in front and one from behind, and Wenona and Bessie were revealed to the astonished movers.

Bessie rushed at once into her mother's arms. The latter received her with a cry of joy. But the first thing Mrs. Hill did, when she got her hands on her truant daughter, was to administer to that delinquent a good shaking. Meanwhile, she laughed hysterically. Bessie laughed also, only a shade less nervously than her mother. It was hard to tell whose mind had been the most burdened with fear and suffering.

Robert Hamlin stood meekly awaiting his turn to be noticed. And Will Allen was gazing spellbound at Wenona—such is the inconstancy of the human heart—some hearts, perhaps we should say.

"Whew!" he whistled, "I wonder if it will ever wash off—the tan, I suppose it is. A good bath of hot soapsuds will remove the smoke of the wigwams, and then—Jupiter! won't she be a beauty?"

To be sure, he went to Bessie, shook hands, congratulated her on her safe return, and censured Robert for leading her into danger that he was not able to ward off; but commended him for putting a stop to the parley, that, under the pretense of an armistice, the Indians meant to hold while they planned some new deviltry. Then he walked away, adding that Robert would be a man yet, when he grew up.

Bessie gave a ringing laugh.

"Not such a man as you, though, Will. He couldn't be such a bear! But where is Robert?"

Robert, shamefacedly, stepped forward. He had been wanting to go to Bessie, but felt backward about doing so.

"Ah, here you are!" she cried. And the off-hand manner of her reception put him at his ease. "You didn't kill the whole race of redskins, as you promised; but then, they didn't take my scalp, either. It wasn't their fault, probably, but that of this dear girl, here." And leaving her mother's side she ran to Wenona and put her arms about her.

"This girl, who is called Wenona by the Indians, is Nellie Ashton, daughter of the hermit, alias the Black Phantom; and not one drop of Indian blood flows in her veins."

The women greeted her with many words of welcome. Wenona, slender and willowy, looked very charming in her buckskin suit. And Bessie seeing the look of admiration in Will Allen's eyes, went on to relate their experiences at the falls, and Wenona's bravery in slaying Big Wolf.

"She is my sister," Bessie concluded. "I have adopted her."

The Indian girl gave a musical laugh, such a laugh as she had not felt like giving in all her life before. She drew herself up to her full height, as if a feeling of exhilaration prompted her, and said:

"Wenona free at last!"

The Black Phantom still sat on his horse, immovable from force of habit.

"Say, my friend," Will remarked, going to his side, "you look weary. Come with me. We will try to make you comfortable, and will give your steed attention. That armor and drapery, and all the rest of it, must be burdensome. We owe you our lives. But we will try to thank you for your services after we have tendered our hospitality."

The Black Phantom followed the speaker, and the Indian maiden turned to Bessie.

"That Hal?"

"Oh, no," laughed Bessie. "That is Will Allen. There is Hal Wilson over there." And she pointed to the scout, who was standing beside Hazel, near Robert's impromptu fort.

"Humph!" grunted Wenona, "Will Allen heap more handsome."

When Will returned with the Phantom divested of his trappings, he was the plain hermit. Wenona sidled up to him as if

Don't Stay Fat;
$1.00 Box Free

I Want To Prove To You Before Your Own Eyes and At My Expense That I Can Reduce You to Normal Weight Safely, Without Starvation Diet or Tiresome Exercises.

It Doesn't Matter What You Have Tried, Send For This Free $1.00 Box of My Safe Fat Reducer Today.

Don't Cry Because You Are Fat. John and I Were Both in the same Condition. But Kellogg's Remedy Reduced Us to Normal. It Will Do the Same For You.

Free, positively free, a $1.00 box of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer, to every sufferer from fat, just to prove that it actually reduces you to normal, does it safely, and builds up your health at the same time. I want to send you without any expense on your part this $1.00 package of what I am free to call a really wonderful fat reducer.

My treatment is prepared scientifically. It does not stop or hinder digestion; on the contrary, it promotes proper digestion and assimilation of food, which 99 fat people in a hundred haven't got, and that's why they are fat.

Loses 156 Pounds.

Mrs. Rosa Steesy, of Elk Point, South Dakota, writes: "I have lost 156 pounds, and am still losing slowly. When I commenced your treatment I weighed 368 pounds; now I weigh 212 pounds. Your reducer is all right and did just as you said it would. I can hardly believe that I am the same woman. My daughter is greatly reduced in weight and I don't think she will need any more of your Obesity Reducer. We now are both cured. You may refer anyone to me.

101½ Pounds Gone!

The remarkable case of Miss Artie Adams of Shelby, Ohio, is illustrated in her own words:

"When I look back to the time before I took your wonderful obesity cure I do not see how I stood it. My weight is now 163½ pounds, and I have lost just 101½ pounds. I can hardly believe that there has been such a difference in my feelings and appearance. But oh! how thankful I am that I found a cure for my awful burden of fat, in Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer. I can hardly realize that I weigh only 163½ pounds. You can use my letter as a testimonial if you wish."

Leaves No Wrinkles.

You should have no fear, after being reduced by Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer, that your loss of weight will result in wrinkles, as is usually the case with so many treatments used for flesh reduction.

If you are too fat don't fail to fill out free coupon below and mail today.

$1.00 Free Package Coupon.

This coupon is good for a $1.00 package of Kellogg's Safe Fat Reducer and a book of Photographs and testimonials. Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below and enclose 10c in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover postage and packing, and by return mail you will receive a free $1.00 package prepaid.

F. J. Kellogg, 3148 Kellogg Bldg.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Name..

Street No.....................................

City...

he seemed more like her father when not in disguise.

Some one, Mrs. Hill, probably, asked if they were to consider themselves safe from the Indians.

"Perfectly safe, madam," answered the hermit. "You couldn't find one of them between here and the Indian village by this time. They have made tracks in a hurry, and have left this region for good. As the hermit, they hate me, knowing me to be an open enemy. As the Black Phantom, they reverence me, believing me to be something supernatural. And though I have slain as many in that capacity as any other, they think it is by some supernatural power I have done it. My presence here tonight has led them, as I expected it would, to believe the Great Spirit was angry with them for this attack on the palefaces; and they have fled, thinking themselves fortunate in not [illegible] one or more of their number by the '[illegible] death,' as they term it. They will trouble us no more.

"However, tomorrow, when you are ready to move on, I will give you safe escort in the character of the Black Phantom. For I intend to leave the mountains, now that my child is restored to me."

Hearing this, Bessie and Robert both began to clamor for the story of the hermit's life in the cave, the cause of him assuming such a disguise, and how he came to be called the Black Phantom by the Indians.

"We want to know the mystery of the self-closing door, and all the rest of it," they said. And Bessie reminded him that he had promised them his story.

The party of emigrants gathered round him, and Wenona nestled close to his side, as he sat beneath a large tree, out of the radius of light from the fire. And sitting there, with those interested faces around him, he told this strange story:

(Concluded next week.)

War of the Airships.

(Continued from page three.)

"This is Wednesday," was the Colonel's response; "I don't think it will begin before Friday at the earliest."

"Then we have got practically forty-eight hours in which to maneuver before they start to advance?"

"I should say all of that."

"What does General Wayne say?"

"His messages to me state that I am to cooperate with you to the limit, and give you my advice and suggestions."

"And his messages to me?"

"Are here," answered the Colonel, handing over two documents.

The first read thus:

"Our troops can not be mobilized in sufficient force to make any effective resistance, outside of destroying railroad bridges and blocking other means of transportation, within thirty days. You must aid in checking the enemy's advance, but do not risk the loss of your airships at present. We shall need them all when we open our military operations."

A scowl crossed the Captain's forehead as he read the limitations on his present operations, but it cleared away entirely when he glanced through the later order, which was phrased as follows:

"Since your arrival on the coast is entirely unknown to the enemy, the President sends word that he hopes you can strike against the invaders quickly and unexpectedly. You will have to plan the stroke yourself. Briggs will give you all the assistance he can on land, and the Navy Department has instructed the three fast cruisers, Montauk, Jamaica, and Richmond, lying under the guns of San Pedro, to cooperate with you. Move as fast as you can, and good fortune be with you. Report results at your earliest convenience.

(Signed) "WAYNE."

"Colonel," snapped Captain McKay, "how far is it to the fortifications of San Pedro?"

"About twenty miles."

"Is there a railroad line running direct there?"

"There is."

"Then have my special hitched behind the fastest engine you can seize and hauled down there. Send a company of your troops along to help us."

Colonel Briggs turned to his aides and gave the necessary orders.

"What do you know of the Japanese fleet lying down south?" Captain McKay then asked.

"Our scouts report not less than twelve battleships, twenty cruisers, a dozen colliers, three hospital ships, and so many merchant transports for the army that they couldn't count them all."

"And they're still unloading troops?"

"Yes, and supplies. But, Captain, what are you going to do with your aeroplanes down on the sea coast?" asked the Colonel, mystified.

"I'm going down there to attack the Japanese fleet," was the firm response.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AEROPLANE CAPTAIN'S PLANS.

It was noon on Wednesday when Captain McKay with his air-flying corps and equipment reached the embankment at San Pedro.

"Men," he shouted as he gathered them about him, "we're about to undertake the boldest stroke of any war. It's up to you to see that it's a success. Quick, now, unload and set up all six of our airships. It's a half-day's work ordinarily, I know, but I'll be back here in two hours and I want every one of them in full trim and running order when I return. Now hustle."

A lusty cheer was the prompt and enthusiastic answer from the men.

Captain McKay at once boarded a launch and was rapidly conveyed to the Montauk, the flagship of the three cruisers lying under the giant guns of the harbor.

"I want to see your captain," he said, as he ran lightly up to the deck. He was immediately ushered into that officer's quarters.

"I'm Captain McKay of the Aeroplane Corps," he began, saluting.

"And I'm Captain Lacey of the Cruiser Montauk, with instructions to cooperate with you in any maneuver you may wish to undertake."

"My ships," continued McKay, "are now being set up on the pier yonder. They'll be ready to bring aboard here in about two hours, two of them to each one of your three cruisers."

"But what do you propose to do with them aboard our ships?"

"Attack the Japanese fleet."

"You're not serious, Captain, surely," said the Montauk's chief officer incredulously.

"Never more so in my life," was McKay's quick reply. "Listen and you'll hear my plan. When I'm through, I'll be glad to listen to any suggestions you may have to offer. But, mind you, I won't be swerved from my purpose."

"All right, fire ahead, you bunch of recklessness."

"My plan is this: The great Japanese fleet lies stretched out for three or four miles about forty miles south of us—a fair two hours run for your cruisers. They no more expect an attack than they expect to be blown back into Japan tomorrow. That's where we'll give them the surprise of their lives. Late this afternoon I want you to quietly steam down as close as we dare and at nightfall, with our powerful lethite and radite guns all ready for action, we'll ascend from your decks, go straight up over that mighty aggregation of ships and then turn loose our death-dealing ammunition."

"But what will you do after your attack is over? Where will you land with your daredevil dash—that is, if there's anything left of you to land?"

"Oh, I know what you're hinting at. You mean, of course, that if our attack from the sky is at all successful, there will be a great scattering of the enemy's ships and that you won't be able to hang about for fear of getting in the way of the guns of their battleships."

"That's the idea exactly," replied Captain Lacey. "I'm perfectly willing to back you up within reasonable limits, but I don't want to thrust my ships into the enemy's jaws so recklessly that there will be no chance of getting them out again."

"I appreciate your position, Captain, exactly," was McKay's smiling response. "Of course I can't expect a man who sails the deep blue sea to be quite so venturesome as the fellow who flies the blue sky above him. But I'll be satisfied if you'll give us a ride on your decks far enough to enable us to fly over the enemy without wasting a lot of fuel. I could start from here and fly down there, but our gasoline casks do not contain enough to make it certain that we could get back to safety, even if we are lucky enough to escape the foe. So if you will give us a lift of twenty-five miles or so, I'll be much obliged to you and so will the people who send me on here from Washington."

"And when we've taken you as far south as we dare go and you've made your ascent from our decks, what is it you propose to do?"

"That's easy, Captain. We'll go up out of range of all the small guns that can be elevated so as to sweep the sky. Then, when we are over the fleet, we will let loose with both our radite and our lethite guns. Neither of these explosives, as you know, have ever been tried in actual warfare, but the Government's experiments and the tests of our own Aeroplane Corps back at Fort Meyer, convince me that we will not only be able to throw the enemy's fleet into disorder, panic and flight, but will also be able to damage and possibly destroy some of them."

"You think the lethite and the radite effective enough to accomplish all that, do you?"

"I am full of hope; the lethite will smash its way through the steel armor of the warships, and the radite will scatter death among the crews. And that'll keep Mr. Jap busy for a few moments, I think."

"It surely will, if your hopes are realized. But what, may I ask, is your object in attacking the fleet first?"

"Plain," said Captain McKay, with a flashing eye. "If we can cut off the enemy's retreat, damage its food supply and make the army nervous about the security of its rear, we'll have accomplished a heap pending the time when the United States can mass enough men to make an effective resistance."

"Sounds pretty well, but it's devilish bold, my boy."

"I'll admit all that, but my most urgent instructions were to try to do something that would impede the enemy's advance. Colonel Briggs says their army will not begin to advance before Friday. Tonight we'll shake up the fleet and if all goes well, tomorrow we'll shake up the army. At all events, the Aeroplane Corps intends to do its work in a hurry."

"Very well, we'll do what we can to help you," and turning, Captain Lacey summoned his executive officer.

"Hayes," he said when his chief aide appeared, "order all steam crowded on for a fast dash out of the harbor. And have the same order signaled to the Jamaica and the Richmond."

"Yes, sir."

"And one thing more, Hayes," continued Captain Lacey: "Have the decks of all three cruisers cleared so that on each of them one aeroplane may be placed forward and another aft."

Hayes looked surprised and mystified at the unusual order, then remembered to stammer out a delayed:

"Yes, sir."

As he left to execute his instructions, Captain Lacey once more turned to McKay.

"And now, what more, sir? The boldness of your plan makes me ache to get into some kind of action myself."

"Nothing just now, but I'll be back alongside your ships in about an hour with six aeroplanes, armed and equipped for battle. I'll want you then to have your crew give us a hand in getting them aboard."

"Call on us for anything you want and you'll find us hearty."

True to his word, Captain McKay in an hour was back alongside the cruisers with six long lighters, each of them bearing one of his precious airships.

By means of the swinging cranes the flying craft were lifted tenderly and deposited safely on the decks of the warships. McKay gave each of them a thorough inspection to see that planes, motors, steering gear, signal lights and last of all, the slim but powerful guns and the stock of history-making ammunition were safely secured and ready for instant action.

Then he gathered his little corps about him and looking each man in the eye, firmly said:

"Men, we are going to try to smash the Japanese fleet. There are thirty of us, but each ship can carry only three men. That means a full dozen will have to remain behind. Now, how many of you want to go? Mind you, the chance of getting back is mighty slim."

Every last man of the Aeroplane Corps stepped promptly forward.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this story of strange and wild warfare. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Deadly Purpose.

"Yep. I married a suffragette! My wife believes a woman ought to get a man's wages—and she gets them!"

AGENTS, CHEER UP!

Get in the game. Get this money. Change from small earnings, to big income—**important, easy business.** Read the exciting news. Martin, Mich., is actually **making $20 daily.** Peck, Ind., on a deal, **cleared $700.00 in one day.** Think of it! Fine! Great—unheard of—**but true.** Circulars tell remarkable story. **Get in on this.** It's immense money comes easy—everybody buys—agents clamoring for territory. It's **LUMO—world's most wonderful light.**—The only, original mantle lamp. All others imitators. None so good, don't be deceived. Get in right. Burns mantle like gas—makes gas form kerosene. Dazzling, clear white light **16 hours on one quart kerosene.** Different styles for houses, stores, offices, factories, churches, halls, lodge rooms, clubs, etc. Better than gas or electricity. Best for reading or sewing. **Thousands being sold.**

EARN $2,000 TO $5,000 A YEAR

We'll give you an appointment worth $2,000 to $5,000 yearly. Our agents wild with success. Kelley, Mich., says: **"Always make at least $8 daily."** No experience necessary. Anyone can sell this wonderful lamp. **Agents double income.** Every word true. Don't hesitate—investigate—now—it costs nothing. No one can resist Lumo. Sells self. Saves oil. **Burner fits famous Rayo.** Stop everything. Quit plodding. **Cheer up. Big thing in this for you.** Sales are waiting for you. Harris, Wis., (farmer) says: "Nine neighbors ordered from me one night; never sold goods before. The Lumo is certainly in great demand here." Ross, Ohio, says: **"Make $40 a week without effort.** Like finding it."

We need more managers, salesmen, agents, to appoint, manage, control, direct operations and take orders. **Work easy, profits big.** Write for circular and catalog. Tells all. Shows pictures of winners. Tells how they did it. **Inspiring, stimulating—great.** Don't send money, but write a card now. **Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!**

JOHN S. NOEL, '90 Div. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Easy Money For You

WE START YOU FREE

$5.00 TO $10.00 A DAY

One Good Hustling Agent Wanted in every community to take orders for our **celebrated** made-to-measure clothing. If you write us before we get an agent in your territory you will receive an **astonishing offer.** No money required, no experience necessary, we furnish you with everything and place you in a business of your own that will mean from [illegible] to $2500.00 *a year to you. Easiest and most profitable business in the world.* Every man in your vicinity a possible customer. Our low prices and able assistance get the trade for you.

PANTS $2.50 up SUITS $9.00 up EXPRESS PREPAID

Every garment cut and made to measure in the latest city styles—a perfect fit guaranteed. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. **Beautiful Sample Outfit,** order blanks, tape line, **FREE.** With our complete instructions you can take measurements just as accurately as any tailor. If you are looking for a splendid opportunity to increase your income write us today.

The Progress Tailoring Co., 125 Harrison Street, Chicago

Paxtine
TOILET ANTISEPTIC
NOTHING LIKE IT FOR

A little Paxtine dissolved in hot water makes a strong antiseptic solution of extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and deodorizing power—perfectly harmless and most economical. There is nothing like it.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.
LARGE SAMPLE FREE!
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides it destroys all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouthwash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, the grippe, nasal and bronchial diseases.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

Used in bathing Paxtine destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, remove accumulated secretions, cleanse thoroughly, heal inflammation, and restore free breathing. It is a wonderful remedy for uterine catarrh.

1 Full Quart Whiskey FREE

Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

There are all sorts of claims for superiority among distillers and Mail Order Whiskey Houses, and while we feel sure that our Fels 8-Star Whiskey can't be beat, or even equaled in quality, or price, still we are not going to ask anyone to risk their money on our judgment; therefore, we are going to give, absolutely free, one full quart bottle to test. We want you to prove, by drinking it, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey is pure, wholesome, fully aged, mellow as can be and above all has *real whiskey* strength. We want you to add half water to it if you like and we say that you will still have stronger and better whiskey than most Mail Order Houses sell at our price. Anyone can easily understand that should we just send out bottles of whiskey free that we would be flooded with requests by some unscrupulous people and dealers and lay ourselves open to a fearful onslaught. This we cannot do, but nevertheless, the bottle is free to honest people.

Now here is our proposition:

We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 8-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 8-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges, look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

We mean to prove superiority in the whiskey business, we mean to prove at our expense, by giving a free test bottle, that Fels 8-Star Whiskey has no equal. Our quart bottles are full 32-ounce quarts and not short quarts and we guarantee every statement we make and back them with our paid up capital of $400,000.00. If you want real whiskey and not weak watery concoctions, send us your remittance on our free test proposition. The taste is the test, that will prove more than we can write. Address order and letters and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr. or

Fels Distilling Co.
130 Fels Building Kansas City, Mo.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

I have a new simple home cure for rupture that anyone can use without operation, pain, danger or loss of time, and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a truss but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing, rupture-suffering and danger of strangulation forever.

Send no money. Mark location of rupture on diagram, answer questions, mail to me and begin your cure at once.

RIGHT LEFT

Dr. W. S. RICE,
1046 Main Street,
Adams, N. Y.

Age............

Cause of Rupture?

....

Name............

Address............

....

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2 ct. stamp. FREE P. & M. AGENCY, 10 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

MOTHERS Your children cured of BED-WETTING. A dangerous disease not a habit. Don't neglect it now and regret it always afterward. CURE GUARANTEED. Write today. SAMPLE FREE DR. E. MAY, Box H 540, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

6 LOVELY EASTER POSTCARDS 2c These beautifully colored, gold embossed postcards, given for 2c stamp, to introduce our cards in your locality. Write now. Don't delay. A. Porter, 107 Clinton St., Chicago, Dept. 522

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room Z, 161 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

PRINT Your Own Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

LOTS OF FUN!

DOUBLE THROAT. Fits roof of mouth. Invisible when in use. Astonish and mystify your friends. Whine like a puppy, sing like a canary and imitate other birds and beasts of field and forest. LOTS OF FUN. Thousands sold. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. DOUBLE THROAT CO., Dept. D., Frenchtown, N. J.

ASTHMA CURE sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1.00. If it don't. Give express office. Write to-day. NATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., 640 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—46 Van Buren St, Chicago

EARN Watch, Ring AND CHAIN We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely engraved case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and fiery, for selling 20 pieces handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces, when sold send $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 588, CHICAGO

240-EGG INCUBATOR FREIGHT PREPAID $10.00 Smaller sizes much lower. Famous Reliance. Simplest—surest—safest. Metal-covered; metal legs and lamp. Delivered free east of Mo. River, north of Tennessee. Prices quoted to points beyond. Write for Free Book. RELIANCE INCUBATOR CO., Box 588 FREEPORT, ILL.

BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

Rifle and Cabin;

Or, Carl and Roger in the Wilderness

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

HUNTED BY THE OUTLAWS.

TO FIND himself in new peril in Rosebud was Roger Roderick's last thought, therefore, when he looked into the face of the man who covered him with the revolver, he realized that he had tempted fate.

The spy of the Dirty Dozen was a resolute fellow, and danger looked out of his eyes.

"So you live on the South Fork?" he said, while Roger tried to collect his thoughts. "Now, isn't that a falsehood?"

"What is it to you?" was the reply as courage came back to the young trapper of the Northwest.

"A dood deal," said the ruffian.

It seemed to Roger that the dangerous weapon was lowered a trifle. A sudden idea flashed across his brain.

The next moment he had struck out from the shoulder, and the revolver spun from the outlaw's hand.

It was enough. While the fellow began a furious tirade, Roger sprang upon his horse and was soon flying like the wind from the frontier town.

A sharp report rang out behind him, followed by the "ping" of a bullet. The boy did not halt, but kept on until he found himself some distance from the dangerous ground, when he ventured to give his steed a breathing spell.

"I guess I ventured too far," he commented, looking back over the ground he had traversed. "The next time I will be more wary. But I saw the black fox pelt, at any rate."

Carl was overjoyed when he learned that the lost pelt had been taken from its captors by Jackstraw, and he began to devise some plan to obtain possession of it.

"Not so fast," exclaimed the more cautious Roger. "An attempt just now may cost us our lives. The Dirty Dozen already know that we did not die in the burning of the cabin."

"And they will give the Shankses some trouble."

"Let them come," said Shanks when the boys related Roger's adventure. "We're pretty well fixed for a siege. I can't say that I invite attention, but we'll give Captain Selkirk the best we've got in the shop."

When several days had passed without disturbance, the young settlers resolved to look after the trap-line again. To this end they discovered mink sign on the South Fork, and set their traps. The first night they were lucky to make a good catch, and the following morning they found three of the traps missing.

They returned to the Shanks home, where they found the family in a state of excitement. Tobias had found a paper nailed to a tree, and it warned him to harbor no one on pain of death.

"That's from Captain Selkirk," said the old man, as his face grew determined. "It means that if I harbor you boys I've got to suffer for it."

"Then we'll go," said Carl.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "I'll show the ruffians something."

With this he turned the paper over and wrote upon it in large characters, the following:

"To the Dirty Dozen: I'll keep whom I please. If you want my friends, you'll run against a snag in the person of yours truly TOBIAS SHANKS."

This defiance was nailed to the tree and left there.

It was soon answered, for that same night a man halted in front of the cabin and sprang from his horse.

"They're coming down the creek!" he cried as Tobias came into view.

"Who's comin'?"

"Captain Selkirk and his gang."

"Jes' as I expected."

"Where are they?" asked Roger.

"Not mo'n two miles back."

The old man deliberately entered the house and took his long-barreled rifle from its hook over the fireplace.

The boys also laid hold of their weapons and all soon stood on the defensive.

Instead of the forest outlaws, a single man came out of the woods and moved on the cabin.

It was Jehu Potts.

"Good night," said the fellow as he halted before the cabin and surveyed the group that stood in the doorway. "Looks like a shower, eh?"

"What sort o' shower, electrical or human?" queried Shanks.

Israel Potts' nephew seemed nonplused.

He drew back a pace and said, with a drawl:

"Guess I'll be moseyin' on."

"No," was the answer from Shanks. "Come into the house, Mr. Potts."

"No."

Jehu was instantly covered by three rifles.

"Come in! It's for your own good," said Carl, and the man sullenly obeyed.

"What's all this mean?" asked the man as the door was shut and he looked into the eyes of the defenders of the cabin.

"We're going to be attacked by the Dirty Dozen, which is headed by your worthless uncle," replied Carl. "We shall hold you as hostage."

Mr. Jehu Potts took a long breath.

"I've got no uncle in these parts," he brazingly denied. "I'm the only Potts west of the Mississippi."

"It won't do, Mr. Potts. You've been carrying water on both shoulders ever since we first met you," put in Roger. "You'll stay where you are."

The man's face went white and he slunk into one corner, where he glared around with the mien of a wild beast.

"Here they come," said Shanks, as he discerned some figures round a bend in the trail. "We've got the ruffians upon us."

The forms that had been discovered, halted within a few yards of the cabin, and for a moment silence prevailed.

It was evident that the defiance on the tree had been discovered.

Suddenly a man advanced from the group.

"Come out, Tobias Shanks!" he called in tones of stern command.

Tobias, who stood at one of the windows, made reply:

"I'm safest where I am, I reckon."

"Come out, I say."

Shanks went over to where Jehu Potts stood, and shook him into life.

"Go over to that window and speak to your uncle," said he.

The fellow demurred.

He was pushed forward, and almost fell against the wall.

"Tell your uncle, who certainly has some regard for the Potts family, that you are our prisoner, and that if a shot is fired, or any violence offered, your life won't be worth a mink in a bear trap."

Jehu tried to speak, but his voice failed him. Carl and Roger laughed at the arrant coward.

"Out with it!" commanded Shanks as he moved toward the man. "Tell them that you are here."

This time, by a prodigious effort, Potts found his tongue.

"Is Israel Potts out there?" he asked.

There was no response, and Roger said:

"Ask for Captain Selkirk."

This the trembling wretch did, and was answered.

"I am here. Who speaks?"

"I am Jehu Potts," answered the hostage. "I'm in the cabin."

"Come out, then."

"They won't let me."

"Well?"

"They say that if harm is offered the inmates of this cabin, my life shall pay the forfeit."

"Who says that?"

"Tobias Shanks and his friends."

"Who are his friends?"

"The boy trappers of Crow Wing River."

"Ho! that's the game, is it?" cried the rough voice outside. "Well, Jehu, they daren't touch you."

"Try it, sir!" cried old Shanks as he reached the broken window pane. "It's up to you, Captain Selkirk."

A little conference was held by the rascals in the open. Their subdued voices reached the ears of the defenders of the forest cabin.

"We'll give you five minutes to let your prisoner out," exclaimed the chief of the Dirty Dozen.

He was laughed at by those inside, and Carl and Roger thrust the muzzles of their weapons through the little loopholes made by Shanks between the logs.

"Fire when I give the word," he said, and at this Jehu Potts uttered a loud cry.

"They are going to shoot!" he exclaimed. "Quick! Get away. Tobias Shanks and the youngsters mean business."

The figures of the men outside were plainly discernible, for the night was not very dark, and Carl and Roger had already covered two of them.

At two other loopholes stood Mrs. Shanks and 'Mandy, each with a trusted rifle in their hands, seeing which Potts again lifted up his voice:

"The wimmen have guns, too!" he exclaimed. "I never saw such a fightin' family."

"We'll show them what it means to oppose the regulators of the Northwest," was the answer from the head of the ruffianly crowd. "Stand back, Jeuh."

"Stay where you are!" commanded Carl, glancing at Potts. "If you move you'll find a bullet in your head."

The next moment a flash of gun-fire lit up the semi-darkness outside, and bullets buried themselves in the heavy planks of the door.

"Fire!" cried Tobias Shanks.

The steady rifles of the young trappers spoke at once, and two men tumbled forward and writhed on the ground.

"That's only a sample!" cried out old Shanks, as his bristled hair seemed to stand on end. "You've run against a good-sized snag at last, Captain Selkirk."

"We'll have you if it takes all night," was the growl that assailed the ears of the

THE SALOON KEEPER PAYS $1.50 A GALLON FOR WHISKEY
Why Should You Pay More When We'll Sell It to You at the Same Price?

We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into other lines by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell to you cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on credit, We can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.

FINE HIGH GRADE $4. WHISKEY $1.50 A GALLON

2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade $4.00 Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 8 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only $2.97

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.25 | 25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
10 Gallon Keg . . . 13.91 | 50 Gallon Barrel 64.50

REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co.,—all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

M. CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to M. CALMAN, President, 35 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

cabin's defenders. "The youngsters shall be taught the law of the Northwest."

Then a strange silence fell upon the scene and was not broken till Jehu Potts dropped to the floor and gave vent to piteous cries of terror. The coward was the very picture of fear.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST WARNING.

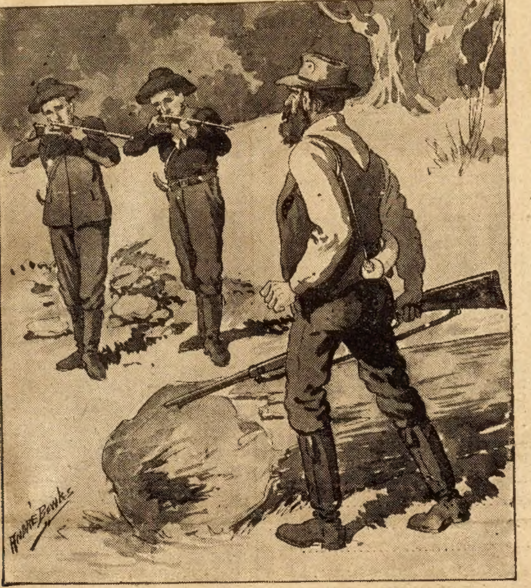
It was evident to the besieged in the cabin that Captain Selkirk and his minions would not desist till they had accomplished their purpose. Tobias Shanks, at any time, could have opened the door of his home and forced Carl and Roger to become the prisoners of the ruffians. But this was farthest from the old settler's thoughts.

The boys held a little council of war at one side of the room.

They knew that they were endangering the lives of their friends, and did not feel like continuing the battle under such circumstances.

After the conference Carl broached the matter to Tobias.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "you go out there and become the prisoners of Captain Selkirk? Not while Tobias Shanks is alive to prevent."



"Hands up!" cried Roger.

"They may fire the cabin," said Roger.

"Let them try it," was the reply. "I reckon as how we kin defend ourselves even after that!"

Finding him obstinate and inwardly praising his unselfishness, the young trappers returned to the fray.

"Captain Selkirk won't burn the shack as long as we hold that rascal over there as hostage," resumed Tobias, glancing at Jehu Potts cringing on the floor. "Reckon they must be close friends."

"They are," answered Carl. "Captain Selkirk is that man's uncle."

"The Lord love us!" cried the old man. "His uncle, hey? Then we'll hold Jehu to the bitter end."

The fall of the two ruffians seemed to paralyze the Dirty Dozen for a moment.

Mrs. Shanks hoped that that would settle the whole matter, but it was far from doing it. Presently the same demand for the surrender of the two boys came in startling tones from Captain Selkirk.

"You can't have 'em," cried Shanks. "I've told ye if ye want the boys you must take 'em."

This enraged the men of the Northwest still more.

"We'll leave you without a nest," came in hard and merciless tones from the outside.

"Do your worst. When the match is applied, Jehu Potts dies!"

This brought a groan from the wretch on the floor, and Tobias silenced him with a kick.

"Get up and be a man," said the old settler. "Don't cringe there like a coward."

The group beyond the cabin drew off a few yards and tried to screen themselves behind the nearest trees.

Suddenly Jehu Potts sprang to his feet and made a mad rush for the door, but before he could undo the barricades, a blow from Mrs. Shanks' rifle sent him reeling away.

"We'll come again," said a man, who advanced a few steps and halted. "Don't think that we intend to let two young Yankees rule the whole Northwest?"

The besieged looked at one another. This turn of affairs nonplused them.

Five minutes later not a ruffian was to be seen. The space in front of the cabin was clear.

The moon came out from behind the heavy clouds and sailed majestically through the heavens.

Morning came without further interruption, and the inmates of the forest home went outside. They discovered that the threat which had been nailed to the tree had been superseded by another. It was of the same import, but couched in more determined language.

As the sun began to illumine that part of the region a solitary figure was seen approaching, and Carl cried out that it was Jackstraw.

The forest waif continued to come forward till he caught sight of the boys, when he suddenly placed his finger on his lips. In another moment he was at their side.

"Captain Selkirk didn't burn ye out?" grinned the youth.

Roger told the story of their brief siege, to which Jackstraw listened with a smile.

"The wolves are just over there," said he, pointing to a belt of timber not far away. "They watching all the same."

Carl and Roger threw a look in that direction.

"They come back mebbe," continued Jackstraw.

"They said they would."

The youth was escorted to the cabin, and the moment his gaze fell upon Jehu, his eyes flashed.

"The spy of the woods!" cried he. "Keep him, brothers."

"Which is just what we intend to do," said Roger. "So long as we hold that man a hostage, so long will Captain Selkirk withhold his lighted match."

Of course, Potts did not enjoy his confinement, and in the cowardice of his nature he made all sorts of promises, saying that, if released, he would intercede with his uncle and secure the ultimate safety of the young foresters.

"You remain with us till all danger is over," Shanks said in reply to the fellow's pleadings. "We don't intend to trust a rascal like you."

Seeing that his words—false ones—did not avail, Jehu rolled into the darkest corner of the cabin and gnawed his bitter disappointment in silence.

It seemed a long day of anxiety to the inmates of the Shanks abode. At last the trees began to cast long shadows, and then the screech of the little brown night-owl was heard in a neighboring tree.

A supper was prepared by Mrs. Shanks and the defenders of the cabin, with Jackstraw, sat down to it. Food was offered their prisoner, but he refused with a savage growl, and was left to himself.

Jackstraw informed the whites that not far away was an encampment of hunting Indians, who, if asked, would swoop down upon the Dirty Dozen and sweep them from the face of the earth. The boy said that upon one occasion Captain Selkirk had stolen some horses from the tribe, and that the Indians burned for revenge.

"I prefer to fight these villians without assistance," said the undaunted Carl, to which expression of defiance Roger acceded with a nod.

"Jackstraw will stay and help," was the reply, and all watched the darkness come on.

For some little time no notice had been taken of Jehu Potts, and all at once Mrs. Shanks uttered a cry and pointed to the corner. All looked to find it empty.

The next moment a strange noise came down from the cabin roof, and Tobias sprang to the hearth.

"The old rascal got away by the chimney!" he exclaimed. "I warrant he got well scorched."

"He must look like a singed fox," said Jackstraw, as he felt the heat above the hearth.

The escape of Jehu Potts put a new face of danger on the situation.

That he would join the Dirty Dozen was expected by all, and they would come back to the battle.

An hour of intense fear passed.

"Here they are!" cried out Tobias, who was looking out into the night. "We've got to fight for it once more."

Instantly every rifle was thrust through the loopholes, and the inmates of the cabin made ready for a desperate fight.

Instead of a demand for surrender, a wild whoop sounded on the air, and Tobias and his allies looked at one another.

All These Fine Premiums FREE for Distributing Gold Embossed Post Cards on Our EASY PLAN:

BOYS WE GIVE YOU Daisy Air Rifle walnut stock, steel nickeled barrel, pistol grip, globe sights, accurate. Shoots strong B. B. Shot and darts. Given for distributing twelve packages, colored, gold embossed Post Cards, at 15c on our special offer (10 Post Cards to package). Send no money. We trust you with cards. Rifle sent on receipt of $1.80 from sale. L. M. LOMER, MGR., DEPT. P. 218 FORREST ST., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FUR HAT, SCARF AND MUFF FREE

Black, French, Melon-Shaped Hat Selected Black Coney, oval crown, trimmings of head and two tails, wire frame, satin lined. Our Genuine Fur Scarfs are made from real Belgium Coney, latest style, 42 inches long, six long tabs. Our Genuine Fur Muffs are large and comfortable, made of real Belgium Coney. Handsome and Stylish, matching Hat and Scarf. Choice of Hat, Scarf, or Muff, given for distributing twelve packages colored art Gold Embossed Post Cards at 15c on our Special Offer (10 cards to package). We trust you with Cards. When sold send us $1.80. Premium selected sent promptly.

L. M. LOMER, Mgr.

Dept. B, 218 Forrest St., Jersey City, N. J.

DOLL AND CARRIAGE FREE

A Big Beauty Doll nearly 20 inches tall, Bisque head, pleasing face, big Blue Eyes, rosebud mouth, pearly teeth, long, curly hair, elaborately dressed. Hat, collar and sleeves, trimmed with lace. Real slippers and stockings to match. The Big Doll Buggy is stylish, genteel and built for strength. A carriage that the proud little mother will be delighted to own. Both Doll and Carriage given for distributing twelve packages colored art Gold Embossed Post Cards at 15c on our special offer (10 post cards to package). We trust you with cards. When sold send us $1.80. Doll and Carriage sent promptly. L. M. LOMER, MGR., DEPT. C, 218 FORREST ST., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FREE

GIVEN AWAY THESE BEAUTIFUL 23 PIECE FULL SIZE TEA SETS FOR SELLING MULTI-COLORED POST CARDS

LADIES! This Handsome 23-Piece Tea Set is made from highest grade American Semi-Porcelain, finely modeled, embossed with small, dainty Roses and bright Green Leaves. The natural color will not wear off as the decorations are under the glaze. All 23 pieces are full size, correctly shaped, each piece perfect and the design most pleasing. You can earn this elegant Tea Set by distributing only 20 packages of our Colored Art Gold Embossed Post Cards at 15c on our special easy offer (10 Post Cards to package). Send no money. We trust you with the Post Cards. When sold send us $3.00 and Tea Set will be sent promptly. Safe delivery guaranteed. Write at once. L. M. LOMER, MGR., Dept. E., 218 Forrest Street, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FOR SALE 50,000,000 ft. of NEW LUMBER

Here is a chance to BUY LUMBER at 30 to 60 per cent less than is usually asked for it. It is absolutely brand new and first-class in every particular. We bought 50,000,000 feet from lumber mills at half the usual prices and we are giving the public the benefit of it. There is absolutely no possibility for you to go wrong in this matter. Never in twenty years has Lumber been offered at such low prices as we are selling it for now. If you do not take advantage of this chance, you are certainly missing a splendid opportunity. We will quote you freight prepaid price to your railroad shipping point.

SEND LUMBER BILL FOR ESTIMATE

Include in your list every single article you need to build or improve. It makes no difference whether you need a full carload or not, we will save you money. Our stock includes everything in the building material line and it is good material too; nothing better manufactured. Every dollar's worth of merchandise we sell is covered by a binding guarantee. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere.

Our Capital Stock and Surplus is over $1,000,000.00. We have a complete stock of Plumbing Material, Heating Apparatus, Hardware, Fencing, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Office Furniture, Pipe, Culverts, Structural Iron, Tanks, Machinery and practically everything at half the usual price.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE MAMMOTH ILLUSTRATED CATALOG No. K. G. 400

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO

12 FULL BOTTLES 100 Proof Lackland Whiskey $4.80 Express Prepaid

SEND us $4.80 and we will send you, express prepaid, 12 full 16-ounce bottles of 100-proof straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY.

This special offer is made for the purpose of acquainting you with the merits of LACKLAND Whiskey. If we did not believe that each order we fill means more regular patrons for LACKLAND Whiskey, we could not afford to make this offer.

LACKLAND Whiskey is pure, wholesome and mellow; every drop is real whiskey, with the right flavor to it. You CAN'T get a better whiskey. It is straight 100-proof, *guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law.* It is highly recommended for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength.

LACKLAND Whiskey is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. You may try any bottle, and if it does not come up to your fullest expectation return the other eleven and we will promptly refund the money. All shipments made the same day order is received. Make remittance by Postal or Express Money Order, or St. Louis or New York Exchange, payable to

Lackland Dist. Co., Dept. 14 ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTICE:—All orders from Colo., Ariz., New Mex., Nev., Idaho, Utah, N. Dak., Mont. and Pacific Coast States must be accompanied by $12.00 for *24 Bottles, Express Prepaid.*

Write for complete price list of Lackland Fine Liquors.

The Stark Year Book for 1910

is ready to mail. It will be sent to any person interested in fruit-growing on receipt of 7 cents to cover postage. The Stark Year Book for 1910 represents an entirely new idea in nurserymen's literature—it is a work of art as well as a catalogue of Stark Nursery products. Within its covers are 32 full-page illustrations of fruits and flowers, representing 175 varieties, done in four colors, and exactly reproducing nature. 84 pages are devoted to descriptions, prices, and records.

Stark Delicious, the apple that has revolutionized orchard planting and established a new standard of apple values (selling at $10.00 per bushel box this year); Stark King David, another apple of wondrous quality and merit; Stark King Philip, a hardy black grape of California grape quality, and dozens of the very best things in the horticultural world are fully described, illustrated, and priced.

To any one planting one tree or many, of fruits or ornamental, this book is of inestimable value—a horticultural text-book—a guide to proper selection.

Stark trees have stood the supreme test of actual planting for 85 years—they are the yard-stick by which all other nursery products are measured—they are the first choice of this country's most successful orchardists. The success of the orchard is dependent on the kind and quality of tree planted. Stark varieties are the best of the best. Our record of 85 years of successful selling is a positive guarantee of tree quality.

Before you decide to buy, send 7 cents for the Stark Year Book—do it today before the edition is exhausted.

Stark Bro's Nurseries and Orchards Co.

Lock Box 61, Louisiana, Missouri

50,000 BOXES FREE

If You Have Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Let Me Send You a 50 Cent Box of My Remedy Free.

Deformity in Chronic Rheumatism.

John A. Smith and His Remarkable Remedy for Rheumatism. Cured Himself First, and Now Offers 50,000 Boxes of His Remedy Free.

I will give away 50,000 fifty-cent boxes of my remedy for rheumatism to demonstrate its great value in rheumatic conditions.

My remedy is not made of obscure ingredients. It is made of such well known remedies as Potassium Iodide, Poke Root, Guaiac, Resin, Stillingia and Sarsaparilla, and anyone familiar with drugs will at once realize its great value in rheumatic conditions.

Some people seem to think that rheumatism is an incurable disease. I know it is not, because I was told years ago when I had it so bad that I could never be cured. But I was cured by the above ingredients, named the remedy "Gloria Tonic" because I experienced such glorious relief from its use. "Gloria Tonic," of course, did not cure me in a day, nor in a week, but my own case proves that rheumatism can be cured.

There are some rheumatic sufferers who will never be cured, even if their cases are slight and easily curable. This is due to the fact that they do not understand what rheumatism really is. They try a remedy a short time, and if relief is not felt at once they discontinue its use, and call it a fake. This class of rheumatic sufferers usually take their affliction to the grave.

Bear in mind that rheumatism never forms in the body over night. Sometimes it is in the system for years before it makes itself known. It is nothing but excess of uric acid in the blood that causes it. Cold, wet, or damp may make it known suddenly, but the rheumatism was in the body long before, or the cold or damp would never bring it out. It takes a long time for enough of that "uric acid" to get into the blood to make rheumatism, but when it is there this excess of acid must be neutralized. This is what "Gloria Tonic" has accomplished in hundreds of cases, even in persons of seventy and eighty years of age.

After this remedy cured me I tried it on my friends and acquaintances who were suffering from rheumatism. It worked the same with them as it had with me. At National Military Home, Kans., it cured a veteran who had rheumatism in his hips and knees. In Hannaford, North Dakota, it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I am as supple as a boy." In Stayner, Ontario, it enabled a lady to abandon her crutches. In Westerly, R. I., it cured a farmer 72 years of age. It has also cured many cases which defied electricity, hospital and medical skill, among them persons who had suffered for more than 30 and 40 years. Even prominent physicians have admitted that "Gloria Tonic" is a valuable remedy in rheumatic conditions, among them Doctor Quintero of the University of Venezuela, whose endorsement bears the official seal of the United States Consul.

If you suffer from rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica you know what it means to you to be cured. You at least know that it will be worth the trouble to write and get the free 50-cent box that I send to all who ask. You will certainly get enough relief from it to pay you for the postage stamp and the trouble it takes to write. This offer is not for curiosity seekers or children, as the remedy is too valuable to be wasted.

Cut out the following coupon, mail to me with your name and address and by return mail you will receive the 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic Tablets" free and also free a book on rheumatism which contains many stippled drawings from actual life and which will tell you all about your case.

Coupon for a Free 50 Cent Box of "GLORIA TONIC."

JOHN A. SMITH, 5732 Smith Bldg.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I am a sufferer from rheumatism and I want to be cured. If you will send me a 50-cent box of "Gloria Tonic" Tablets free of cost and post paid, I will give it a trial.

My name and address is:

Name..............................

Street No.........................

City..............................

State.............................

Jackstraw clapped his hands.

"The red hunters!" cried he.

A figure advanced toward the cabin and halted within a few yards of it. In the dim light that prevailed, all saw the magnificent form of an Indian, who raised one of his hands and made a gesture.

"White people safe?" asked the savage.

"All safe so far," answered Tobias Shanks.

The warrior came on, and Tobias unbarred the door and opened it for him. In another moment the redskin stood within the cabin.

"It is Lone Wolf," said Jackstraw in low tones.

"Call in your brethren," said Carl, trusting in the Indian's apparent friendship.

Lone Wolf went to the door and made a sign which brought his companions forward.

"Where white wolves?" asked the warrior.

"They're gone," said Roger.

"Good! If they had stayed they would have felt the vengeance of the Sioux."

"By hokey! I wish you had turned up when they were here," put in Tobias. "You'll never get aonther such chance."

"Lone Wolf and his friends hunt them down like bears," was the response. "They no escape long from the teeth of the Sioux."

An hour later the Indians went away, followed by the gaze of the inmates of the cabin till the last form had vanished.

"Would my young brother like to have the black fox pelt?" inquired Jackstraw.

"That we would!" cried Carl. "It is in the village, Roger says."

"Jackstraw stole it from the white wolves," the waif replied. "He get it for the boys."

"Look out for number one," said Carl.

"Jackstraw's eyes are always open. Him not afraid of Captain Selkirk and his men."

In a short time the boy of the woods was gone.

"Now for our traps," said Roger later on. "We can look to them in the breathing spell we have."

The traps, which, since leaving Crow Wing River, had been set in a new place, were visited and found empty.

"We must go back to old Crow Wing," said Roger. "It's our trapping ground and there we are 'at home.'"

"We'll go back tomorrow and rebuild the old cabin," was Carl's ready answer.

The following morning saw the young trappers back once more on the old stamping ground, and with eager hands they began to clear away the ruins of their first home. The sun was out and the golden leaves of the forest seemed to sparkle in its light.

Suddenly Roger stopped in his work and looked up.

"Look, Carl!" he exclaimed as he unearthed a bit of unburned wood. "Here is another warning."

Carl ran forward, and the boys looked at the object which Roger held in his hands.

Scrawled upon it, in large, black letters, were the following words:

"Dig no more. It is death to rebuild here.
CAPT. SELKIRK."

For a moment the young foresters looked at one another, when Carl exclaimed:

"We build where we please, Captain Selkirk or no!" and echoing his companion's words, Roger flung the warning to the winds and proceeded with his task.

CHAPTER XVIII.
CAUGHT AT LAST.

Three days later a man moved slowly out of Rosebud.

He was followed by the gaze of a group of men, who lounged in front of the main store of the place, and as he disappeared in the forest, one of the men said:

"That's Captain Selkirk and no mistake."

The outlaw—for it was he—proceeded on his way, and at last drew rein near the banks of Crow Wing River, not far from the little cabin which was already rising where the old one had stood.

The ruffian was quite alone. He dismounted, and, letting his animal crop what little grass remained on that particular spot of ground, took his seat on a fallen tree. There was the look of a hunted man in his eye. This man had been hunted from the Atlantic by the officers of the Government, those stern men who never sleep, and he knew that he had been recognized.

More than this. He knew that Aaron Wilhide was on his trail, that Carl and Roger had recognized him and that the Sioux, whom he had treated with disdain, were also eager to put an end to his existence.

For some time he brushed the autumn leaves with his feet, and when he suddenly looked up at a strange noise from his horse, which had moved off some distance, he started to his feet.

His eye, sweeping the landscape at a glance, beheld two figures in the foreground.

Captain Selkirk threw up his rifle, but that instant he heard the ominous click of other weapons.

"Hands up!" cried Roger Roderick. "Hands up, or death, Israel Potts."

The man's face was swept as by a dark cloud, and he recoiled a step.

Carl and Roger remained planted firmly on the ground and were looking at him over the barrels of their rifles.

"Throw your gun away," continued Roger. "We are going to take no chances."

With a muttered imprecation the outlaw of Minnesota cast his rifle aside and glared at the youths. The young trappers came on, always on the alert, and halted within a few feet of him.

"Don't look toward your horse," Carl said. "One step toward the animal, and your career will terminate."

A singular light gathered in Captain Selkirk's eyes.

"After all," he muttered, "'tis better to be taken by the young foxes than by Aaron Wilhide."

Then he looked at the boys once more.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"You might know, Israel Potts," was the reply.

"Will you turn me over to Aaron Wilhide?"

"We will turn you over to the nearest authorities."

"That's better," with a grim smile. "It will cheat Aaron Wilhide out of his reward."

At that moment a man was seen approaching, and Captain Selkirk's countenance, for a second, got a ray of hope. Jehu Potts, his nephew, was on hand.

"Stand back, Jehu!" cried Carl Main. "This is our game."

The coward halted and looked at his relative. He had not been seen since his escape from the cabin.

"You know this man?" asked Carl, of the nephew.

"Yes. It is my uncle, Israel Potts."

"Good! Now, Captain Selkirk—you see we still recognize your later name—you will turn to the right and march away."

"What?" almost roared the trapped desperado, "that's in direction of Rosebud."

"Why not?"

"Aaron Wilhide may be there."

"You are our prisoner," said Roger, "and we propose as such to turn you over to the Government."

Sullenly, Captain Selkirk tramped off, his face elongated and his eyes a-flash.

An hour later the houses on the frontier town came in sight. Then the march was kept up over hill and down dale till at last the strange procession entered the town itself.

All at once a man sprang from a seat in front of the postoffice and ran forward.

"Good, my boys!" he cried. "You've caught the man I want."

It was Wilhide, the detective.

"I'll take charge of him from now on," continued Aaron. "It's a lucky ending for my man-hunt."

"Don't be quite so fast, Mr. Wilhide," said Roger with an amused smile. "Seems to me you're counting unhatched chickens."

"What's that? Israel Potts belongs to me."

That instant the face of Captain Selkirk flushed crimson.

"I am the prisoner of the boys who trapped me!" he exclaimed. "I refuse to surrender to Aaron Wilhide."

"But I am Uncle Sam's officer."

"Which does not make me your prey. I am Israel Potts of the old Epluribus Mills. For two years I've been Captain Selkirk of the Dirty Dozen. Stand back, Aaron. Where is the sheriff of the county?"

As that high official was not forthcoming, the dreaded scourge of the Northwest was taken to secure quarters for the day, and Carl and Roger remained in Rosebud.

"Stop that man yonder!" cried the latter as a rough-looking individual attempted to leave the crowd of men in front of the main store. "He's one of the Dirty Dozen."

The fellow heard the boy's words and bounded forward. The boy's rifle rang out clearly, and the fugitive spun around and dropped to the ground with a broken arm.

YOU NEED NO MONEY. We Trust You with Our Goods. MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED 112-PIECE DINNER SET FREE WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.

To every lady who distributes only a few pounds of our Belle Baking Powder, we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE this beautifully embossed,

112-PIECE DINNER SET—MAGNIFICENTLY FLORAL DECORATED

and full size for family use. *With each pound Baking Powder, you may give either Six Full Size Crystal White Glass Tumblers or Six Jelly Glasses with Tin Caps,* as per plan 161, (the glasses alone are worth almost as much as the price of the entire plan). Many other Tea, Coffee, Soap and Grocery offers equally as cheap in price. If preferred, you can have choice of hundreds of other useful premiums, such as *Toilet Sets, Furniture, Linen Sets, Graniteware, Lamps, Etc.,* or we WILL PAY YOU A LARGE CASH COMMISSION for your work. Best of all, NO MONEY IS NEEDED.

WE PREPAY FREIGHT on everything to your nearest Railroad Station, allowing plenty of time to examine and deliver before paying us. *Write at once for our FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT* and other things. If after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. WE ALSO GIVE ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR APPOINTING ONE OR MORE AGENTS TO WORK FOR US. Remember, the Special Premium and Sample Outfit are both absolutely free. Write today.

THE PURE FOOD CO.
209 W. Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.

Special FREE Present

We give a Granite Kitchen Set or 10-Piece Toilet Set, *free* of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send us your name and ask for this Free Present.

FULL WEIGHT
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE UNDER NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAWS
CINCINNATI BELLE
TRADE MARK
BAKING POWDER
PRICE
20 CENTS

We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co. as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.—EDITOR.

DR. REYNOLD'S MESSAGE TO MEN

My Specific Blood Cell Remedies permanently cure Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Lupus, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Nervousness, Bladder and Kidney troubles, Varicose—Weak Blood vessels.

My Blood-making and Blood-purifying Remedies nourish the Blood Cells and strengthen weak nerves. Strong, vigorous men have pure blood. What the Blood Stream won't do in the human system for weak organs can never be accomplished.

My guarantee — No money required to commence treatment nor a dollar need be paid unless satisfied—your absolute protection.

I simply want to show every suffering man, at my expense, that I can restore him to health and strength. The strong, robust man is never handicapped, he passes the weakling at every turn in the race of life. Call for free examination or write me in confidence full history of your case. I treat every patient personally. *Microscopical and analytical urinalysis Free.*

DR. H. D. REYNOLDS

DR. REYNOLDS, 84 Adams St., R.23, Chicago
Illustrated Booklet Free for the Asking.

GAY LIFE in Paris; 2 old maids and 12 gay love letters. 10c. Rex Novelty Co., Dept. 6, Harrison, Mich.

SPORTING GOODS. Dice and Cards a specialty. Cat. Free. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

LOVELY WOMEN! Forms shown. Not trash. Return, get money; 10c. A. Har. Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free, G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

2 RIGHT from nature sent for 25c; richly colored; 5-50c. F. F. SENEY, Box 81, SIOUX CITY, Iowa

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

RODS SPANISH NEEDLES, GOLDOMETERS for Treasure Seekers. Booklet Free. P. & M. AGENCY, 27 Bay St., PALMYRA, PA

12 GAY LOVE LETTERS & 20 PICTURES the kind men like; all 10c. Book Co., Box B 619, Providence, R. I.

12 KEYHOLE POST CARDS FOR 10c in colors. Funny Situations as seen through Keyholes in door, also illustrated catalogue. Post Card Agency, 545 Wabash Ave., Chicago

B 4 & AFTER (?) 26 GOOD LOOKS, 6 New Post Cards, (for fun only), also 20 other good views; all 10 cents. Address GEM PHOTO CO., OLNEYVILLE, R. I.

A Maiden's Dream! Pictures Before and After (?); 6 New Post Cards (for fun only); also 20 other good views; all 10c. Box B619, Providence, R. I.

LOVERS GUIDE, or An Easy Road to Marriage
Tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "Love Letters," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Wedding Etiquette, &c., &c. All subjects treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to Lovers. This Great Book sent Postpaid for only 10c or 3 for 25c. TEEL BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

WHITE SLAVE GIRLS OF CHICAGO
CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS
CHICAGO BY NIGHT Including 7 vivid Pictures
HUMAN NATURE For sale only by us. If you
OR MEN and WOMEN EXPOSED. are interested in good books send us 6 cts. postage for circular also 148 page catalog of other interesting Books, Jewelry & Novelties GEM NOVELTY CO., 560 Broadway, Palmyra, Pa.

BLOOD POISON

successfully treated in any stage. If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on the body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 20,000 patients of that company in the last fifteen years ending May 12th, 1908, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 309, 67 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

REMEDY FREE

HEALTH, VIGOR, HAPPINESS.

A two weeks' trial treatment of a most wonderful remedy for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Despondency, Kidney and Bladder troubles, or any form of Physical Weakness, etc., is being mailed absolutely free of charge by the celebrated Professor Fowler. This remedy goes straight to the mark and the sufferer does not have to wait a lifetime before feeling and enjoying its curative effects. Indeed, the most amazing results have been produced with these trial packages alone. All the sufferer needs to do to get strong, vigorous and healthy, is to send his name and address to Professor Fowler and the medicine will be immediately forwarded to him in a perfectly plain package with nothing whatever to pay on it. Address

PROF. F. C. FOWLER NEW LONDON, CONN.

MEN NO CURE—NO PAY In other words you only pay our small professional fee when CURED AND SATISFIED.

FREE Our 164 page book tells how you may be cured at home. Contains nearly one hundred "Home Treatment" Recipes, such as most Specialists would charge $3 to $5 each for. Gives many valuable "Pointers" Vital to Men—married or single. Sent sealed all charges paid.

MEDICINE SENT ON TRIAL

Not a patent medicine or "dope" mixture, but a course of several different medicines prescribed to meet the complications and special needs of your individual case. Write to-day. Send no money.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
855 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"He won't raise the alarm, at any rate," remarked Roger as he looked at his foe. "We will hold the fort till Israel Potts is safe in the right hands."

Somehow or other the news of the capture of Captain Selkirk got abroad and when night came a troop of desperate men swooped down upon the town.

They found the inhabitants prepared for them. For once the Dirty Dozen met its match.

The outlaws were driven off and their leader was still behind strong walls.

In the midst of the melee that followed the coming of the outlaws, Jackstraw came upon the scene and rendered excellent assistance. The waif of the forest was eager to wreak his vengeance upon the man to whom he owed so much, but he was prevented.

"He belongs to Uncle Sam, Jackstraw," said Roger as he held Jackstraw back. "The Government will deal with this rascal."

"But he burned Jackstraw out."

"We'll build you a new cabin."

"He trailed Jackstraw from river to river and stole his traps."

"We'll get you a new supply."

The youth was at last persuaded to restrain himself, and gave in unwillingly.

"Now," said Carl, when Captain Selkirk had been placed in the hands of the high sheriff, "I guess we will have peace."

"Let us hope so," responded Roger.

At that moment a hand was laid softly on his arm, and he looked into the eyes of Blue Bird, the daughter of Black Panther, the Sioux.

"My white brothers have trapped the fox of the wilderness," said the girl as her eyes glowed with satisfaction. "Blue Bird and her people are glad."

"And we are glad for you, Blue Bird," replied Carl. "Hereafter, peace will invest the frontier."

Aaron Wilhide was the most unsatisfied of men.

He could not believe that the large reward, which had been offered for the capture of Israel Potts, had been picked up by two boys. He declared that he would have it after all, and with this threat he disappeared, shaking with anger the dust of Rosebud from his feet.

Carl and Roger went back and resumed the erection of the cabin on Crow Wing River. The black fox pelt was recovered, and the young trappers unselfishly turned it over to Jackstraw.

A few weeks later Carl was handed a long, white Government envelope by the postmaster of Rosebud, and upon opening it he found a draft for ten thousand dollars, being the reward offered by the authorities for Israel Potts, otherwise Captain Selkirk.

Even with this windfall the boys did not pull their traps, but continued to catch the fur bearers of Crow Wing River till the end of the season, when they turned their faces toward the East. They had not been molested by the Dirty Dozen since the capture of Captain Selkirk, for the loss of their chief broke up the villainous gang.

When the boys returned home they found themselves hailed as heroes, but they bore their honors modestly, proving that they were true Americans; but they never forgot the days of rifle and cabin in the wilds of the Northwest, and more than once they were called upon to relate the thrilling story which had called forth the services of our pen.

The end.

Grace Lanyon's Betrayal.

(Continued from page five.)

"And if I refuse?"

"I will kill you!"

"Five minutes, eh?" repeater Cardona in a half-mocking, half-serious tone. "Very well. I will think things over and let you know what I can do for you at the expiration of that time."

The speaker reduced his walk to the slowest possible gait. The woman kept closely at his side. Both were absorbed in their thoughts and not likely to heed extraneous surroundings. Grace ventured to leave the friendly shelter of the advertising signs. She kept Cardona and his wife in view at the cautious distance of about half a block.

After proceeding some little distance, the course of the man and woman led them alongside a high fence. Its top was protected by a row of sharp-pointed nails. Grace had no knowledge what this peculiar barrier portended. Closely lining it, Cardona and Nora kept still side by side.

They turned where the fence turned, and keeping on, were approaching another street lamp, when the woman halted. Grace, not daring to venture too close, got behind a large tree. She could not hear what they were saying. However, she could conjecture that the five minutes' grace allotted by Nora had expired. Her gestures were fierce and excited. Now, she even brandished the weapon she held in her hand. Cardona was evidently alarmed. He kept backing away from her.

Suddenly Grace saw him describe a quick spring. For a moment he and his determined guardian seemed to struggle, the one to retain possession of the weapon, the other to wrest it from an adversary who was in deadly earnest.

The revolver fell to the sidewalk. Cardona, striving to break away from the persistent grasp of the woman, gave it a kick that sent it out into the street. Nora now reached to secure the other weapon which she had forced Cardona to deliver up to her. As she did this, she released her grasp of her adversary. He gave her a violent push and she reeled across the pavement and fell into the street.

Cardona did not wait an instant. He wheeled like lightning and ran back the course they had just come. As he turned the corner he passed Grace so closely that she could have touched him.

Nora recovered herself quickly. The revolver in her hand, she ran around the corner in turn.

A shot rang out, another and another. Glancing down the street, Grace saw Cardona in the lead, lining the high fence she had previously noticed.

A fourth shot rang out. Like the others, it seemed to have missed its mark. The continued fusilade, however, had its effect upon the fugitive. He deviated from a straight course and ran out into the street.

At that moment a fifth shot echoed sharply, and a peculiar thing happened. Nora had stumbled, and the weapon in her hand seemed to explode accidentally. She did not get up. Grace decided that she was stunned in her fall. Then her full attention was directed toward Cardona.

He evidently had not witnessed the mishap to his pursuer. As said, he had run out into the street. Now he halted, turned, and made a run straight for the high iron-piked fence. As he neared this, however, he described a spring. His hands caught on the top edge of the fence.

For a moment Cardona swayed there, managed to lift himself, and went over the top of the fence, disappearing on its other side.

Grace viewed his certain escape in dismay. She knew not what lay beyond the high board barrier, but she realized that before any coherent pursuit could be resumed the fugitive would be far and fast on his way to a secure hiding place.

She wondered why Nora did not arise. Grace was about to move forward from behind the tree and ascertain the extent of the woman's injuries, when a new form appeared upon the scene.

A police officer, in uniform, came running down the street. The repeated pistol shots had evidently attracted his attention. He almost stumbled over the motionless, prostrate form of the woman. He bent over her. Then he sounded a quick alarm call on his signal whistle.

Two other officers of the law soon joined him. Grace, half-minded to go forward, hesitated. She could be of no service to Nora, now in safe hands. It might complicate affairs to appear upon the scene. The three policemen lifted Nora in their arms and soon disappeared in the distance.

"She has been simply stunned," mused Grace. "Cardona? He has escaped. He disappeared over that fence. It seems almost useless to think of finding him."

However, Grace lined the fence to its end. Where it turned, a second blank extent of fence continued. Coming to another turn, however, she found that about the middle of the block the fence had a break in its monotony, consisting of a large wooden-barred gate.

Grace gazed wonderingly beyond this. She could make out lights in several buildings, but was unable to discern their nature. There were some trees and shrubs in the foreground, and the buildings were set back from the street.

"I wonder what place this is?" she murmured. "There seems to be no opening in the fence except at this point. Perhaps Cardona has not yet left the place. Oh, I can push the gate open."

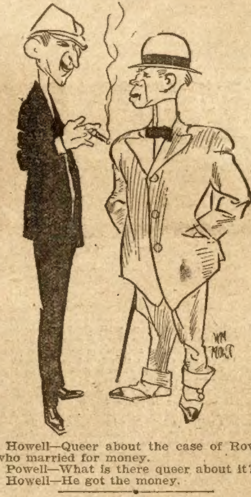
Grace did this. She closed it after her and stood within the mysterious enclosure, wondering what the place could possibly be. She fancied that it held some kind of public buildings, but did not know.

She had proceeded only a few feet when a moving light attracted her attention. As it approached her, she noticed that it was borne by an old man, who limped along with the aid of a cane.

A mellow tintinabulation accompanied his slow, steady progress, and peering keenly Grace discovered that he had a bell tied around one arm, which he swung constantly, as it sounded a warning or a signal.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Didn't Get Fooled.



Howell—Queer about the case of Rowell, who married for money.

Powell—What is there queer about it?

Howell—He got the money.

In No Hurry.

Mr. Testy (meaningly)—I don't want to interrupt your—er—conversation with my daughter, but the—er—last car goes by at twelve.

Mr. Staylate (with composure)—Thanks, many thanks, but there's a big German ball uptown, and a conductor told me the cars would begin running again at two.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 963 Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 88, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

OLD COINS

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Desk 2, Le Roy, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, $800 to $1,400 a year. Thousands of appointments. Examinations everywhere soon, and only ordinary education required. Free scholarships. Write today for easy method. Central Schools, Dept. B-8, Rochester, N. Y.

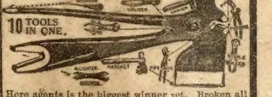
HELP WANTED

BIG MONEY: Start a dyeing, cleaning and pressing establishment, excellent field. We teach you by mail. Particulars free. Ben-Vonde School, Dept. 2-A., Staunton, Va.

$18 TO $30

A WEEK SURE SELLING EVER-READY TOOL KIT

DOUBLE THAT, IF YOU'RE A HUSTLER.



Here agents is the biggest winner yet. Broken all records. Weaver, (Farmer) made $1,500 last year. Only worked odd times. Just think of the convenience. Ten tools in one. Hatchet, Hammer, Screw Driver, Wrench, Pipe Tongs, Nail Puller, Wire Cutter, Pinchers, etc. Requires no effort. Just show and take money. J. W. Whipple, Tex., sold 28 in 8 hours, profit $19.00. W. W. Strauss, Pa., (Lawyer) sold 38 in 4 hours, profit $26.00. Johnson, Mo., wrote: "No canvasser but can sell hundreds around these parts. Send 'em on, money order enclosed." Think how handy. Every home, store, shop, factory—all need it—all buy. No scattered tools. No hunting right one. Nothing like it. Field unlimited; rewards great; hustlers getting rich. A. Hason, O., sold 21 first day. Frank Clayton, Mich., says: "Hatchet all you claimed. Neighbors all clamoring. Took 24 orders one day." Made of forged Steel. Not sold in stores. Free Sample to Workers. Unparalleled chance for ambitious men to get rich. Why not go to work supplying demand, appointing agents, collecting. Get this easy money. Yours for the asking. We'll help you make big success. Only act now—send no money—just a card.

FOOTE MFG. CO., Dept. 502 DAYTON, OHIO

$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK MEN—FREE

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood. and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THOSE TWINS.

The twins they are really a terrible pair,
They have little round faces and curly red hair.

They're so much alike, you can't tell them apart,
And though they're so young, they are dreadfully smart.

Ted says he is Bert, when he's really the other!
And Bert says he's Ted when he's really his brother!

They never get punished—you'll quickly see why,
I can't catch the right one, however I try!

"Noted Men" Game.

The hostess begins the game by choosing some noted man, say Coledrige. She then says to the players: "I am thinking of a famous man. The first part of his name is very black, and the last is an elevation."

Whoever guesses correctly has the right to give a name herself. Suppose she chose Shakespeare, for instance. Then she could say, "Here is the name of a well-known poet. The first part of his name is something people do when they are cold, and the last is a weapon."

When giving the name, the man's profession should be told, whether poet, soldier, author of statesman, but nothing else must be revealed concerning him.

The following are some good names to give: Wordsworth, Washington, Filmore, Longfellow, Dickens, Cowper, Gladstone.

It Was There.

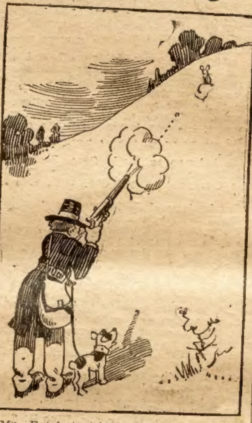
A little girl had been told by her father to stand with her face north, and her right hand would be at the east, her left hand would be at the west and her back would be at the south. Starting to go over it, the teacher asked, "Now tell me what is in front of you?"

After some thought, the child replied, "My stomach."

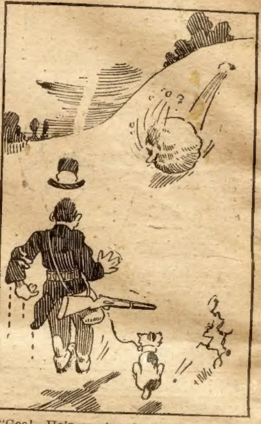
The minister had preached on the text: "Why halt ye between two opinions?" and upon little Cora's return home from church her grandmother asked what the text was.

"I don't remember exactly," answered Cora, 'but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons.'

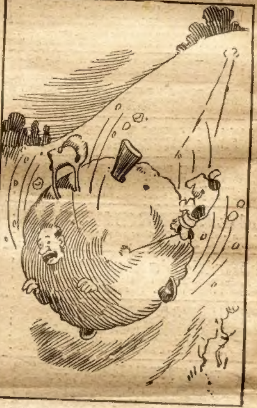
The Rabbit's Revenge.



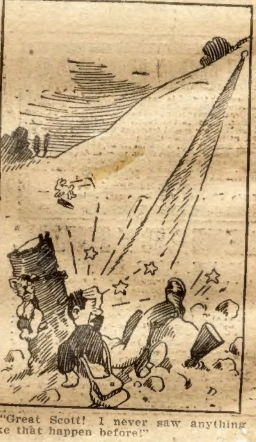
Mr. Potshot—"Aha, a rabbit! Watch me plug him!



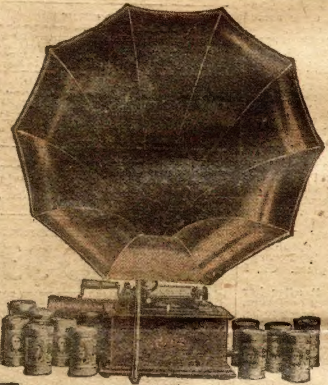
"Gee! He's coming fast rolled up in a snowball and I'd better—



"Get out of the way quick, or—



"Great Scott! I never saw anything like that happen before!"



The Edison!

The latest style Edison Phonograph in our new outfit No. 10—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

FREE

Yes, free. I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

Read the Offer: I will ship you free this grand No. 10 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

MR. EDISON Says: *"I Want to see a Phonograph in Every American Home."*

The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. **Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph** of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. **We want to convince you;** we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

MY REASON **I don't want you to buy it**—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. **Perhaps you, yourself, would want a phonograph,** and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money, I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money. I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

Write for the FREE Edison Catalog

FREDERICK BABSON Edison Phonograph Distributers, Dept. 4151A, Edison Block, CHICAGO, ILL.
Canadian Office, 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.
Without any obligations on me, please send your Great Edison Catalog, and also full explanations of your Free Loan Offer on the Edison Phonograph.
NAME ....
Address ....
....
No letter necessary; just sign and mail this Free Coupon right now, today.

In this catalog you will find a complete list of music and vaudeville entertainments. You can pick out just the kind of records you want for the entertainment you want on this free loan in your own home. Get this catalog at once, then you can decide whether or not you want a free loan and when you want it. You can also decide just the music you want. Remember, I will appreciate it as a favor if you will give me the opportunity of sending you this latest style machine—the climax of Mr. Edison's skill—on this free loan offer. I will appreciate it especially if you will send me your name and address anyway right now, so I can fully and clearly explain our methods of shipping the Edison Phonograph on a free loan. **SIGN THE COUPON TODAY.** Do it right now.

F. K. BABSON,
Edison Phon. Distributers,
Dept. 4151 A, Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Office:
355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

Edison
Phonographs
Edison Phonograph Distributers
Babson Brothers

Just sign and mail the coupon at the left, and get this FREE catalog Write today.

Write today for this interesting catalog. FREE.

A Useful Remedy.

Little Jamie, aged 3, was playing with his little friend, Jack. At the time Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy cold and was sneezing quite often. Jack's mother heard him several times and sympathetically asked: "Why, Jamie, what a cold you have! Doesn't your mother give you anything for it?" "Yes, ma'am," Jamie very respectfully answered, "she gives me a clean handkerchief," whereupon he produced the prescribed "remedy."

A Real Consolation.

Little Molly's father can't quite see where Molly got her information. One day when her unmarried aunt was visiting at the house Molly became impressed with her aunt's solitary state. "Haven't you any husband, Aunt Molly?" she asked. Aunt Molly's pretended grief over the fact that she was husbandless was so real to Molly that she undertook the task of consolation. "Never mind, dear Aunt Molly, husbands scold."

One way to remove paint is to sit down on it before it is dry.